

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Labour Day

MAY 1, in almost every country in the world, is Labour Day—the day when trade unionists publicly reaffirm their solidarity and their belief in the rights of the individual. That, at least, is true in the countries of the free world. Elsewhere the celebrations assume an entirely different form. The contrast is significant and deserves underlining. Here is how today will be observed in the free world: from hundreds of thousands of platforms, speakers of all nationalities will read a special proclamation. In 74 different countries millions of workers of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions will march in demonstrations. They will proclaim their belief in free speech and in the rights of free men. The workers in Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand will pledge their solidarity with the workers in America, Japan, India, Pakistan, Southeast Asia, Israel, Greece, Jordan, Africa and Scandinavia, restating their faith in the international brotherhood of man, pledge themselves anew to the cause of freedom, and declare themselves again for the defence of peace. And how will May 1 be marked in the countries behind the Iron Curtain? Columns of silent men will march in the shadow of the Kremlin. There will be tanks and armoured cars rattling down the roads with bombers roaring overhead. In Prague, Warsaw and Sofia, in Budapest and Bucharest, the workers will be marshalled together at factories and offices, in the cities and capitals of the free world, the workers will organise their own marches, make their own speeches, free to speak against injustice and free to criticise their governments. In Russia and her satellite countries the speakers and the marchers will do as they are told. They will not be allowed to criticise the regime. For 80 years, May Day has been the heritage of free labour, to commemorate the rights of free speech and freedom to organise—two bright jewels in Democracy's crown; but these jewels have been stolen from the people of the satellites by their Communist masters. Without these two things the May Day they celebrate is a mockery and sham, a cynical fraud against the workers.

Earthquake Kills 11, Makes 20,000 Homeless

EIGHT TOWNS IN CENTRAL GREECE STRUCK

Athens, Apr. 30.

A violent earthquake rocked central Greece today, killing at least 11 people and making about 20,000 homeless in eight towns, the Government announced tonight.

Army engineering units were being rushed to the stricken area, which is in the 1,500-square-mile province of Thessaly, about 150 miles northwest of Athens.

The Ministry said the panic-stricken population of the entire province of Thessaly were living in the open air tonight.

The communique said 10,000 inhabitants of Kardista were homeless and 75 per cent of the homes were destroyed or uninhabitable. One person was killed there and 14 injured. Kardista is a town of 14,000 people.

In Sofades, 981 houses were seriously damaged and six people were killed. The number of casualties among the 4,000 population was not known.

A total of 101 people were injured in the province. Most communications with the region have been cut by the earthquake, it was reported.—Reuter.

LAST YEAR'S QUAKE

Washington, Apr. 30.

News of a serious new earthquake in Greece caused a sensation in the American capital today where it was recalled that almost exactly a year ago the same country suffered a similar catastrophe.

The American Red Cross and the Foreign Operations Administration, which administers US aid abroad, are standing by, ready to study the question of help as soon as an official request is made.

A Red Cross spokesman recalled that last year the American Red Cross sent the Ionian islands victims of the earthquake nearly half a million dollars' worth of aid.

On this occasion, it pointed out, the location of the tremors meant that most of the unexcused US aid had to be furnished by the American Army and Navy.

The United States is in fact still contributing to reconstruction work in the areas hit by the 1953 earthquakes.

For the whole of the financial year 1953-54, American economic and technical aid to Greece totalled 21.5 million dollars, of which technical assistance accounted for less than US\$1,000,000.—France Presse.

Supplies Flown Into Dien Bien Phu

Hanoi, Apr. 30.
Every available French aircraft was hurried into the battle of Dien Bien Phu today to permit transport planes to fly in supplies to the besieged defenders.

French fighters and bombers were able to neutralise Vietminh anti-aircraft guns long enough for the thousands of French Union defenders inside the garrison to pick up food and ammunition which could not be parachuted to them yesterday.—France Presse.

How Beria Was Arrested

New Revelations

Munich, Apr. 30.

Nikolai Khokhlov, Soviet agent who deserted to the West, told Russians in a broadcast interview today how Lavrenti Beria, executed Interior Minister, was arrested at pistol point in his office last June.

The arrest was carried out by a member of the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee and a Major-General in the MVD (secret police) and two Colonels, Khokhlov said they entered Beria's office in the Lubyanka Prison, Moscow, with levelled pistols. Beria offered no resistance and was taken by lift to the prison downstairs.

Secret police officials also went to Beria's private fortress on an estate at Rublevo, disarmed sentries on guard there and arrested the Interior Minister's wife and son.

Details of Khokhlov's broadcast beamed of the Soviet Union were given today by Radio Liberation, an American-sponsored anti-Communist radio station.

Beria was executed last December 23 for high treason.

MANY WITNESSES
Khokhlov said, had "an enormous number of witnesses" and charges against him listed "women who had fallen accidentally into his clutches."

Khokhlov also disclosed that a secret Soviet report last July had said that "one of the major shortcomings in the policy of the state administration was the fact that the state leadership was concentrated in the hands of one person."

It added that this person "had taken decisions over the head of the Central Committee (of the Communist Party) causing the Central Government to very much of its existence."

The report obviously referred to Stalin, though he was not referred to by name, Khokhlov said. It had been distributed to MVD officers and leading Communist Party officials in Moscow.

Khokhlov, a former MVD Captain, surrendered to American authorities in Frankfurt last February telling them he had been sent to assassinate Dr. George Okolovich, a white Russian leader living in West Germany.

Khokhlov's wife and child are still in Russia and he has broadcast an appeal to try and save them.

Radio Free Europe, a private American anti-Communist radio station here, said today that Khokhlov told them Moscow regarded all "satellite" states as unreliable.

Leaders in the other Communist countries were regarded as "temporary and expendable." Khokhlov characterised East Germany as the "weakest link in the satellite chain," the radio said.—Reuter.

Hongkong's Footballer Of The Year

China Mail Cup To Be Won

The player who succeeds in being nominated by the public as Hongkong's Footballer of the Year is to be awarded a handsome trophy, designated the China Mail Cup.

The cup will be won outright, and a similar trophy will be awarded each year by the South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Keen interest is being shown by readers in this Gallup Poll organised by the China Mail, with nominations coming in steadily.

Members of the public have another ten days in which to submit nominations for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

A simple form, easy to fill in, appears on page 17 in this issue. Nominate NOW your Hongkong Footballer of the Year.

Sequel To Typist's Death

London, Apr. 30.

A middle-aged married man, accused of the manslaughter of a pretty young typist who died from an "irritant poison," was alleged to have said "dear God, what an awful thing I have done," when told he would be charged with killing her.

A detective gave this evidence in court today.

The accused man, 44-year-old Arthur Kendrick Ford, was remanded in custody.

Ford was charged with unlawfully killing 27-year-old Betty Grant, a typist in the London Chemists factory where he is office manager.

Betty Grant became violently ill last Monday after sharing some chocolate coated sweets with Ford and another girl, 19-year-old June Mallins, a former beauty queen.

Both girls died of poisoning a few hours after returning home from the office. Ford was also rushed to hospital suffering from poison effects.

A detective said at the double inquest on the girls today, that Ford had now "completely recovered" from the poisoning.—China Mail Special.

Israelis Freed

London, Apr. 30.

Iraq has freed three Israelis held in a gaoi since January when the British airliner in which they were travelling made a forced landing, Israel Radio reported tonight.

They have arrived by train in Tehran, the Radio said. The three are Mr and Mrs Yaacov Ben Zaria, both 60, and Mrs Minnie Barnes, 31.

An Israeli spokesman said in February that Iraq claimed the three were being held as hostages for seven Iraqi officers alleged to have been interned in Israel. The spokesman said the Iraqi allegation was "imaginary."—Reuter.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Cleopatra
Same Again
Easy Slam
Outsider:—The Stranger.

RACE 2

Norse Lady
Aeroplane
Ben Lawers
Outsider:—Strathpeffer.

RACE 3

Hurry On
Clay Prince
Cornhill
Outsider:—How Do I Know.

RACE 4

Golden Crown
Icefield
Meadowbrook
Outsider:—Rainbow.

RACE 5

Possibility II
Good Girl
Jungle Queen
Outsider:—Timber.

RACE 6

Firestone
Huntington
United Victory
Outsider:—Atomic Caesar.

RACE 7

Adorable Ada
Santa Claus
Ben Ledi
Outsider:—Tiny Grey.

RACE 8

Exquisite Love
Penforce
Sousvair
Outsider:—Desert Gold.

RACE 9

Magpie
Al Franco
Ironside
Outsider:—Matador.

RACE 10

Green Velvet
Angelle Power
Heliohyte
Outsider:—First Lady.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Same Again
Easy Slam
Cleopatra
Outsider:—Debutante.

RACE 2

Jetfield
May Blossom
Fortuna
Outsider:—Ben Lawers.

RACE 3

How Do I Know
Cornhill
Hurry On
Outsider:—Gay Prince.

RACE 4

Golden Crown
Icefield
Meadowbrook
Outsider:—Rainbow.

RACE 5

Possibility II
Shiraz
Free Success
Outsider:—Blazing.

RACE 6

Huntington
Firestone
Atomic Caesar
Outsider:—Free Kick.

RACE 7

Speedy Roger
Ringway
Ben Ledi
Outsider:—Adorable Ada.

RACE 8

Exquisite Love
Rider's Wish
Penforce
Outsider:—The Tigris.

RACE 9

Queenpots
Matador
Ironside
Outsider:—Magpie.

RACE 10

First Lady
Angelle Power
Green Velvet
Outsider:—Bury Bee.

Prince Was Drowned, Inquest Verdict

Slough, Bucks, Apr. 30.

Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, 25-year-old nephew of the Duchess of Kent, was drowned when his super sports car plunged upside down into a ditch full of water and trapped him underneath, it was found at the inquest here today.

The Prince, driving alone in the early morning darkness along the main road to London, appeared to have missed a sharp turn in the road near here and dived straight into the side of the road. The car turned completely upside down with its four wheels in the air.

Mr Alan Philip Hay, Secretary to the Duchess of Kent, aunt of the Queen, identified the body.

He said that Prince Nicholas, who was returning to London from a weekend with friends in the country, was a very experienced driver. He was used to handling fast cars and had driven over that stretch of road many times.—China Mail Special.

The jury returned a verdict of death by misadventure. They asked a rider, suggesting the erection of a sign calling motorists' attention to the dangerous bend in the road.

A doctor told the court that the Prince had a slight head injury which might have knocked him out, but that death was due to asphyxia due to suffocation by drowning. The upper air passages were filled with mud. Otherwise he only had a few scratches.



In the hotter corners of the Earth, it is only the untutored or the morbid who consult thermometers and watch the mercury rise. The true initiate consults his bottle of Rose's and observes the lime juice fall. By this delightful method he can calculate (within a few noggins) the shade temperature and the sun's position in the heavens. He can also rest assured that Rose's Lime Juice, squeezed from the pick of the world's most refreshing fruit, will leave him calm, collected, and very cool.



ROSE'S
Lime Juice

—MAKES THE MOST OF THE DAY

PAN AMERICAN
OFFERS THE MOST CONVENIENT
MOST DIRECT WAY TO ALL

Central America and South America

• One Carrier Service all the way!

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YOU FLY BY 4-engine Clipper* to Tokyo or Manila. From there, you fly "The President"—Pan American's double-decked "Strato" Clipper—direct to Los Angeles.

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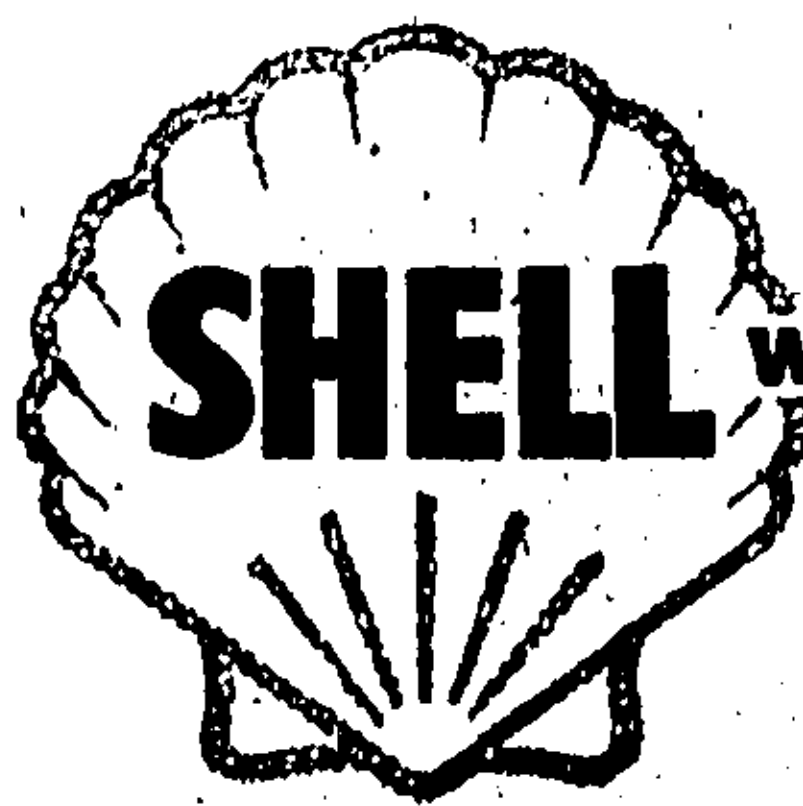
PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Dulles-Molotov Meeting

Geneva, Apr. 30.
The US Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, will meet the Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Vyacheslav Molotov, at 11 a.m. (Local time) tomorrow at the latter's residence. It was considered that the two statesmen would continue their talks on atomic energy which they had started again at Geneva last Wednesday.—France Presse.

Making Progress

Vainikkah, Apr. 30.
The Australian Embassy staff, ordered out of Russia after the Soviet Union's diplomatic rift with Australia, crossed the Soviet-Finnish border here tonight on their way home from Moscow.—Reuter.



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IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE

New additive of proved value to your car



British Patent Registered

SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** **AT** 11.30 A.M.

J. ARTHUR RANK presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT in
"PLANTER'S WIFE"
ADMISSIONS: \$1.00 and \$1.50.

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. / At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

FINAL TO-DAY

"Here at last is the comedian English pictures have been looking for." **DAILY MAIL**

NORMAN WISDOM
Arthur's funniest funny man
MARGARET RUTHERFORD

Trouble in Store

OPENING TO-MORROW

THE LAST SAVAGE DAYS AND SINFUL NIGHTS OF MIGHTY BABYLON!

SLAVES OF BABYLON

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

starring **RICHARD CONTE - LINDA CHRISTIAN**

Maurice Schwartz - Story and Screen Play by DONALD SCOTT
Produced by SAM KATZMAN - Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

CAPITOL LIBERTY

THE LATEST NEWS OF THE DAY
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

The NEW story of beloved Mrs. Miniver!
This is the sequel to one of the greatest pictures of all time!

GREEN GARSON - WALTER PIDGEON

"The Miniver Story"

JOHN RODAK - LEO GERN

Also latest news of the day
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL LIBERTY

M-G-M Technicolor productions

James Stewart Leslie Caron
Janet Leigh Mel Ferrer in
"The NAKED SPUR" **"L I L I"**

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00.

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** **AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.**

AIR CONDITIONED

BURT LANCASTER
VIRGINIA MAYO

"SOUTH SEA WOMAN"

CHUCK CONNORS

Also latest FOX MOVIE TONE NEWS
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

20th CENTURY-FOX presents
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis

LISTEN! NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF! JUST A SKINNY GUY WEARING A WIG AND FALSE TEETH AND EYEBROWS. GOT IT?

AGAIN—THE SAME RESULT—THE FIGHTER DOESN'T EVEN GET HIS HANDS UP...

HOW HIM GOT IT?

NOT DIFFICULT. I UNDERSTAND THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BEAM NOW.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Well, I really fooled you with "GASLIGHT", didn't I—even gave you a picture to whet your appetites. If it's any consolation, I too was looking forward to seeing the picture again and am very disappointed to discover that it's not coming after all. Schedules, I gather, are fixed at long distance from New York for the CAPITOL and LIBERTY so the charge of being uncertain can't be levelled at them.

Instead of "GASLIGHT" they're playing "THE MINIVER STORY" then "IVANHOE".

The EMPIRE is going to show a Viennese musical after "TANGATIKA" called "MARUKA". Then after that it'll be "MY DAUGHTER JOY" followed by Vittorio Gassman in a film based on a story by the Russian writer Pushkin, called "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER".

The ROXY and BROADWAY are exhibiting their policy of showing CinemaScope pictures for as much as two weeks each. So that having told you about "WILL AND RICH WATER" last week there's nothing of current interest to pass on to you about these two houses. "PRINCE VALIANT" will be the next film to be shown there, but that's a fortnight ahead.

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA you'll be able to see "OLIVER TWIST" on Tuesday and Wednesday if you missed it before and it'll be followed by a J. Arthur Rank production starring Gregory Peck called "THE MILLION POUND NOTE".

The KINGS and PRINCESS like a true father and daughter display the same features. Dependent on how well you like "THE SLAVES OF BABYLON", they will be staying for anything from a few days to a week, then that much praised picture "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY" comes back for a few days; and somewhere at the end of the week there will be starting "THE CHARGE OF THE LANCERS".

Another of Howard Hughes' girls—Jean Simmons—goes to the LEE and GREAT WORLD after Jane Russell. The film is "SHE COULDN'T SAY NO". From the look of the poster, advertising the previous picture one might almost think Hughes had got his titles transposed!

Joining the ranks of Hong-kong's first run theatres very soon is the ROXY and CAPITOL area at Causeway Bay. From the outside it looks as de luxe as most cinemas at their opening and I humbly wish it every success. The HOOVER's chosen as its opening film (scheduled originally for Chinese New Year, I believe) is the British "THE SWORD AND THE ROSE" with Glynis Johns and Richard Todd. It is due to open on 6th May.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"MARUKA" is Marika Rokk who is a very popular singer and dancer in Vienna. There two accomplishments are featured almost exclusively in the picture which was itself made in Vienna and directed by Marika's husband, George Jacoby.

It's termed a musical ballet, but there is a story running through it involving three young writers who seem to be dogged by misfortune every time they try to put on the musical comedy they've composed. Marika is, of course, the star of the show.

WORTH RESHOWING

A great deal has already been said about "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY", so I'll content myself with a few notes on it. It has already been shown here, but is well worth another run. Frank Sinatra was especially highly praised for his interpretation of the role of Maggio—the little soldier with the big heart.

Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift are also soldiers and their women are played by Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

The whole thing is adapted from the best selling novel of the same name by James Jones. Don't go to "THE CHARGE OF THE LANCERS" expecting to see strong drama. When I tell you that the stars are that cheekily smiling Frenchman, Jean Pierre Aumont and that far from dramatic actress, Paulette Goddard, you'll realize that the story behind the famous poem has been treated as a lighthearted frolic. Taken in that spirit, you'll probably enjoy it as much as I did.

The whole picture seems to have been conceived and produced in a spirit of mischievous fun and I, for one, would like to see a lot more history stripped of its pomposity and treated in this manner.

Paulette Goddard doesn't even bother to be very convincing as the gypsy girl who befriends the escaping Frenchman. She tricks her skirts and very nearly winks at the camera over her shoulder. She fairly bubbles over with exuberance and even if she does look a little mature for the boyish Jean Pierre, she more than makes up for it by her high spirits.

The famous charge doesn't figure at all prominently in the picture which might have been called "GRIMY SCANDALS" and been just as aptly titled. It's in colour and from what I can remember of the look of the country around the Bas-phorus from an aircraft, the scenery is authentic—though that doesn't necessarily mean that it was shot there. In fact, it was filmed in the San Fernando Valley.

Both Jean Pierre Aumont and Richard Staples, as the officers of the 18th Lancers, are extremely good looking young men who should prove popular with the older teenagers.

DESPOTIC

"MY DAUGHTER JOY" was produced and directed in 1950 by Gregory Ratoff. Edward G. Robinson is the despotic father, a wealthy international financier; his daughter Georgette (Joy) is a spoiled darling in love with a newspaperman, is Peggy Cummins. Richard Greene is the newspaperman.

Among his pet schemes, Edward G. Robinson has an "Operation X" which involves obtaining the co-operation of an African sultan. To help the success of the plan, he wants his daughter Joy to marry the sultan's son "to start a new dynasty."

Very near to the borders of insanity, a revelation by Norah Swinburne (his wife) "med to save Joy from the unsuitable marriage, is the straw that breaks the financier's back.

Such excellent character actors as Finlay Currie, Walter Rilla and James Robertson Justice (soon to be seen as Henry VIII in "THE SWORD AND THE ROSE") are among the cast.

The EMPIRE seems to be preoccupied with daughters next week, though in "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER" she's a Russian, played by an Italian—vastly different from our own Peggy Cummins. However, "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER" will mean more to you a little nearer to playing date I think, so I'll leave my review of it until next week-end—I'll probably be starting next Friday or thereabouts.

EXCELLENT

"OLIVER TWIST", as you know, is Dickens' story of the small boy, born in a workhouse, who is really the grandson of a wealthy man. In the novel, Dickens tried to bring out the dreadful conditions existing in the slums of London at the time and the corrupt people in charge of many public institutions such as the Workhouse.

This has been admirably conveyed to the screen and although it makes for a general air of gloom, the picture is excellent in a bit depressing. Like many character actors, Alec Guinness and Robert Newton have made Fagin the Jew and Bill Sykes, respectively, bigger than life size, but it's a simple technique that doesn't badly with the melodrama of the plot.

Unfortunately I missed the preview of "THE MILLION POUND NOTE" but from everything I've heard about it, it's a most enjoyable film. It's based on a story by that superb writer of tales Mark Twain.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT

"THE MINIVER STORY" has an element of sadness running through it. The end of the war has come and Greer Garson is preparing to welcome her scattered family home. This should be a happy reunion but there are various reasons to make it not so.

Mr. Miniver (again played by Walter Pidgeon) has been away in Hamburg on construction work. The daughter, aged 19 (Cathy O'Donnell) has been in the WAAF in Cairo and become infatuated with a married man. The little boy has been in America with many other evacuated children and has perhaps grown away from his mother.

The daughter, however, isn't the only one to have had "complications" during the years of separation. Mrs. Miniver herself is too lovely to have escaped the attentions of lonely men away from their wives and there's been one in particular..... but I'm stealing Mrs. Miniver's first kiss, so I'm returning it. The second is even more serious and will mean that there will be no Mrs. Miniver story. This is a mystery, isn't it? Will I have to

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE

Having come to expect mostly cartoons from Walt Disney, even though they've always been cartoons with a difference—it's still a novelty to find him producing live actors. True, he's done it before with "THEA-SURE ISLAND" and "THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD", but in my mind he'll always be associated with Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse. Which only goes to show how difficult it is to eradicate first impressions.

ACTION IN PLENTY

There's plenty of action in "THE SWORD AND THE ROSE". As you can guess from the title, there are sword fights and love scenes woven into the picture, but although it's about the times of Henry VIII, his wives, for once, don't figure prominently in the story. This time his sister is the main woman in his life and very much of a nuisance he finds her. Henry and his sister are respectively, James Robertson Justice and Glynis Johns.

She is a pawn in the game of politics Henry is playing with France. Promised to the aging Louis XII in return for France's friendship and a vast sum of money, it doesn't seem as if she has a hope of marrying the man she loves—the captain of the palace guard. This, of course, is where Richard Todd comes in. It's a far cry from this part to the one in which he made his name—as the unhappy young soldier of "THE HASTY HEART".

Buckingham (Michael Gough) is the villain of the piece. Willing to rescue Mary Tudor from the king of France, he doesn't propose this out of kindness of heart. Oh no—with a "What Ho, my proud beauty" look on his face, he wants her for himself.

The picture was produced by a gentleman with the delightful name of Percy Pearce and directed by Kenneth Annakin.

QUEEN'S **AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.**

ALHAMBRA **AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.**

SHOWING TO-DAY

Unmatched for Spectacle And Suspense!
Warner Bros. presents

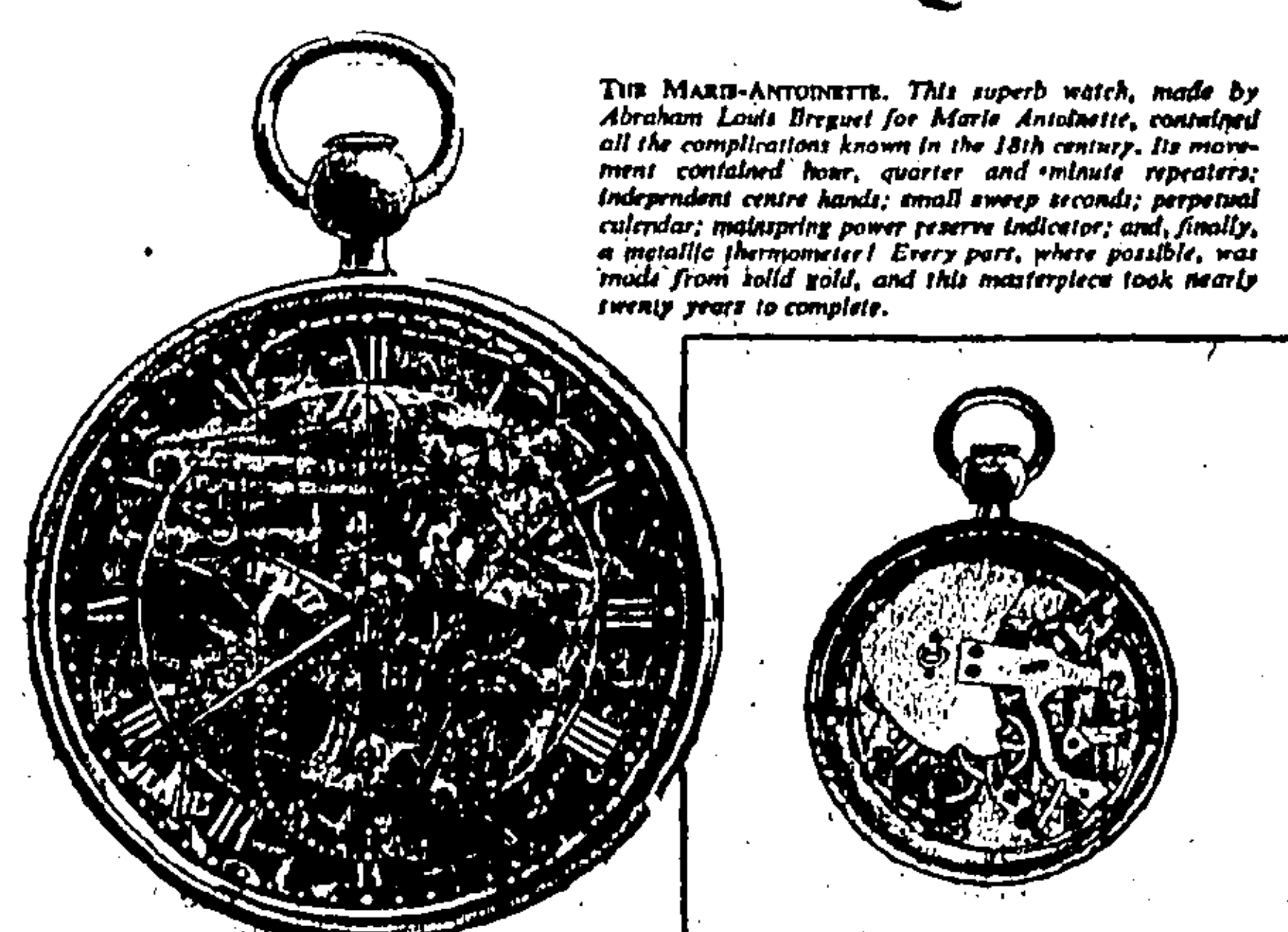
"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"



STARRING
Errol FLYNN • Olivia De HAVILLAND • David NIVEN

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS TOMORROW
"The Charge of the Light Brigade"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

Made to order— for an ill-fated Queen



IN 1783, the great watchmaker Abraham Louis Breguet was commissioned to make the finest watch the world had ever seen, for his Queen, Marie Antoinette.

He worked nearly twenty years to complete this project. But long before he could finish, the beautiful Marie Antoinette had met her fate at the guillotine.

Such is the story of this labour of love for a gracious Queen, who was destined never to see its completion.

Today, conditions demand a more practical approach. While we still demand beauty and elegance, we demand also utmost reliability, perfect accuracy, compactness and durability. All these, and many other features, are incorporated in the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust.

Here is a graceful gold wrist-watch whose intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, powder and perspiration by the famous Oyster waterproof case. It is self-wound by means of the exclusive Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor," and it shows the date automatically in a gold frame.

Every Rolex Datejust is an Officially Certified Chronometer, having successfully passed the stringent tests of a Swiss Government Testing Station.

In this 20th century, the Rolex Datejust serves as an eloquent reminder that the days of patient craftsmanship and infinite skill are not just a thing of the past.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of time measurement

Today's masterpiece—the Rolex Datejust. Perfectly self-wound, perfectly waterproof, perfectly accurate, perfectly reliable. The Rolex Datejust serves as a reminder that the days of patient craftsmanship and infinite skill are not just a thing of the past.

The Rolex Datejust is a fine watch, but it is not the only one. There are many other Rolex watches, each with its own unique features and characteristics. The Rolex Datejust is just one of the many ways in which Rolex has made time measurement a thing of beauty.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

You Can Go To Gaol For Doing Something Legal

Ottawa.
A Biblical injunction (Timothy 1:8 if you want to look it up) written some 2,000 years ago said the law was good if used lawfully.

Canada's new Criminal Code puts it this way: You could go to gaol for two years for doing something perfectly legal—if you do it, or even "conspire" to do it, by illegal means.

It's a clear case of the end not justifying the means. The section dealing with it is one of the new ones in the streamlined version of the code to be examined clause-by-clause by the House of Commons.

Pampering Children Into Poor Health

New York.

American children are being pampered into poor health, a physical rehabilitation expert said.

Parents are making life so easy for youngsters that they are in danger of growing into ailing, neurotic adults with poor posture, no stamina and a lot of painful backaches, she said.

Japanese Now Prefer Smaller Cars

Tokyo.

The Japanese public and cab companies have turned their backs on expensive American-made cars in favour of smaller, cheaper, British, French and German makes.

Where at one time the majority of new cabs on Tokyo streets were from the United States, middle-priced field such as Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth, now the trend is toward cars such as Consul, Hillman, Austin and German Opel.

The public likes the smaller cars for the 20-yrn (eight cents) difference in the basic rate. Cab companies like them because the import tax difference between big American cars and smaller autos can vary as much as 15 to 30 per cent.—United Press.

Hard-Earned Lesson

Vancouver.

One-time bank bandit Patrick Bell, 27, is struggling to pick up the threads of a new life after he was crippled by a police bullet which pierced his spine during an abortive hold-up.

Bell was shot by Police Constable Larry Short while attempting to rob a branch of the Royal Bank here a year ago. Because he received only a suspended sentence for attempted armed robbery.

"I knew I was licked—it wasn't necessary to shoot," Bell says in recounting the incident. A paraplegic, confined to life in a wheelchair, he has a trace of bitterness as he realizes the police were doing their duty in capturing him.

Bell was wounded in the stomach and the bullet pierced his spine soon after emerging from the bank with \$4,000 in a paper bag.

"Look, it's not loaded," he said he told Short.

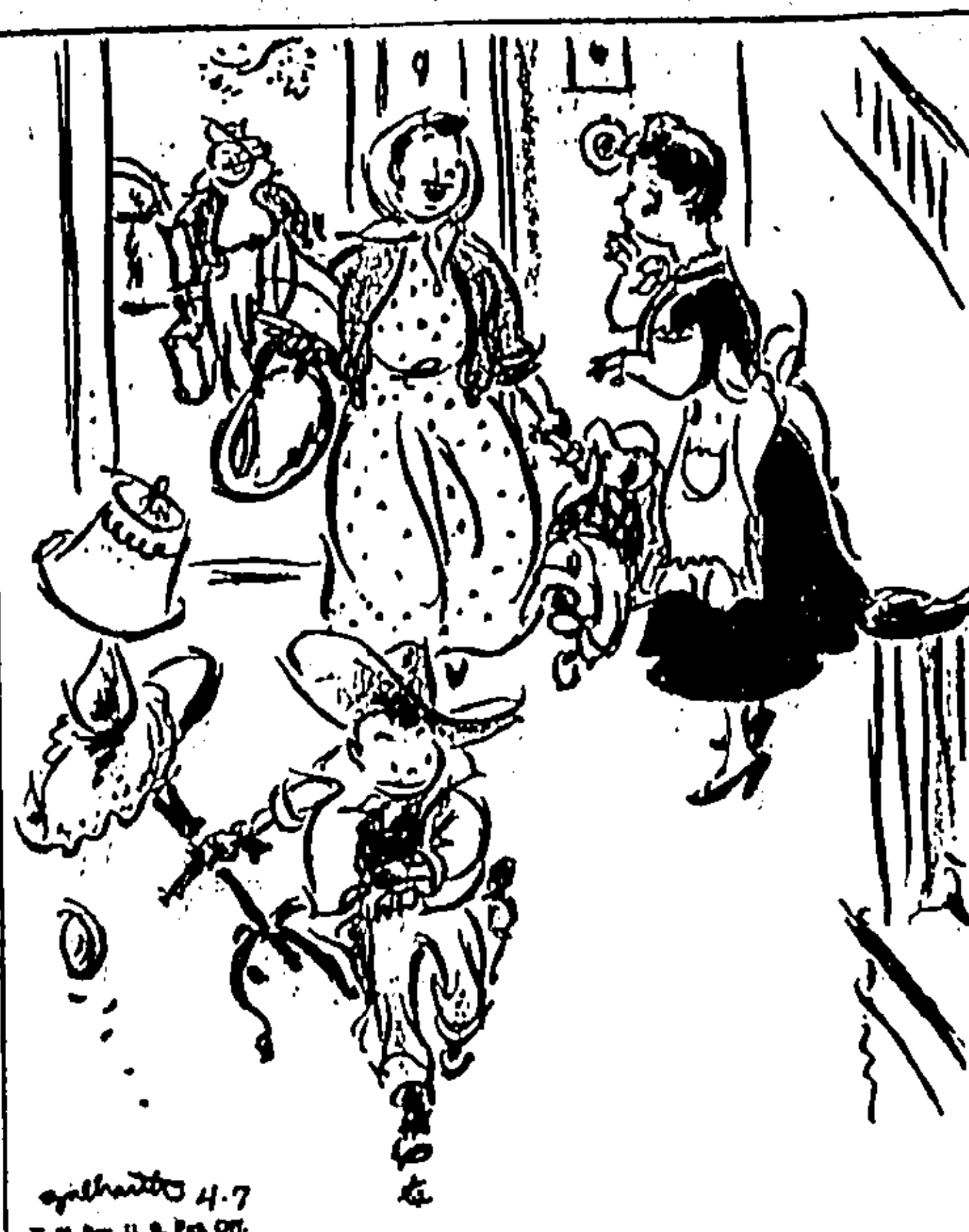
"My gun was really empty, but of course he didn't know that," Bell said. "Hold a grudge? Not me. I was breaking the law and I paid the penalty—in fact, I'm still paying."

Bell, who underwent treatment at a rehabilitation centre where he learned bookkeeping and typing, said: "I'm trying right now to convince myself I can really do a job. I used to work in the woody and mines, but that's all over. I won't be so hot-headed now."—United Press.

NO HANDICAP

Waynesburg, Pa.
Mrs. Miriam Knox, Dent, energetic editor of the weekly Waynesburg Republican, easily solved the problem of publishing the paper on time when she broke her "writing arm" recently. Her husband, James Dent, rigged up a telephone next to the linotype machine in the newspaper's plant. As she dictated, one of the paper's copy boys, from her hospital bed, set the copy up directly on the linotype keyboard.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"We just stopped to say hello for a day or two. Amy—George has a new job in Chicago, and we have to be there by the first of July!"

Shakespeare A La TV For American Schools

New York.

Those who regret that an occasional great live television show is gone with the airwaves never again to benefit the public can now rejoice in one exception.

The two-hour production of Shakespeare's "Richard II," starring Maurice Evans and presented on the NBC network early this year, is being made available for educational purposes. Shakespeare may yet overcome his reputation of being an English classroom bore.

The unusual move was announced by Edgar Sisson, Director of the NBC film division which will make available to schools and colleges 16-mm Kinescope recordings of the telecast filmed off the picture during the actual performance on January 24.

There will be no charge. The Hallmark Greeting Cards firm of Kansas City, Missouri, which spent well over \$25,000 in sponsoring the TV presentation, is picking up the tab for the entire cost of prints and distribution.

Fifty prints are to be ready when distribution begins in May. Each print costs \$250. It is expected that the number, eventually will be 500 prints and that approximately 2,000 schools of all types will have seen the production by the end of this year. Distribution will continue indefinitely so long as there is a demand.

MUSN'T CHARGE

The Institute of Visual Training, New York, will handle the distribution. All public, parochial or private schools and colleges and related educational groups are eligible for prints so long as they charge no admission. The 40-minute film segments will be accompanied by classroom study material supplied by Hallmark.

Frank Lepore, Manager of Film and Kinescope operations for NBC said that the original negative made during the performance was of excellent quality.

The key problem in arranging the deal of no cost to the schools involved clearance from the actors, musicians and others who ordinarily would have an equity in subsequent exploitation.

PRINCE

EXTRA PERFORMANCES TO-MORROW

At 11:00 a.m.

RKO-Disney's Full-length Technicolor Cartoon

"PETER PAN"

and 1 bottle "Super Cola" free to each patron with compliments of A. S. Watson & Co., Ltd.

AT REDUCED PRICES!

At 12:20 p.m.

An Outstanding Indian Production

K. Asif presents

"HULCHUL"

starring Nargis Sittari • Dilip Kumar

AT REGULAR PRICES!

She Feels Older And Wiser

Hollywood.

Christiane Martel, the temporary rich men's bride who's back in the movies, said she learned one lesson from it all—marry an old man next time.

The 18-year-old Paris beauty chalked up a record immigrant success story when she arrived in the United States last summer and won the "Miss Universe" contest, a movie contract and a handsome rich and young husband, department store heir Ronald Marengo.

But after two months he filed for annulment and she sued for divorce.

"I don't want to get married again right now," she said, stumbling over her student English. "I don't even go out with dates."

"But if I marry again it will be with one man much older. I would not marry someone my own age again. Inside," she said, nodding vigorously, "I am much, much older now."

Christiane, trim in a black-and-white checked Paris fall, was studying English at the Universal-International studio school before starting her "comeback" picture, "Three Gobs in Paris." She said she is hiring an agent to get her other movie roles.

GAVE UP CAREER

Marengo accused her of leaving him because she missed the bright lights and headlines of the movie capital. But Christiane insisted "I got married only because I love him and I wanted to stay married."

"I gave up my career. I wanted a home," she said. "It is best for the wife to be home so when the man comes home he finds her there. Man is the stronger sex but in this country it is bad—woman not the weaker sex."

"But now I have to go back to support myself."

Next marriage, she added, she will demand a longer engagement.

"Donnie rush me, we marry too soon," she said. "In France there is longer engagement and not so much divorce. If the girl marries a boy her family knows, they are engaged six months. If the families don't know each other, engagement lasts a year. The parents want to be sure their daughter is happy."

"Girls of 17, 18 marry a man of 35 who is settled."

"My father and mother, they're married 25 years and always they very much love each other. It is like the first day."

She sighed, "Life is getting into a mess for me. I hadn't counted on all this."—United Press.

LEE MONTAGUE GREY WORLD

FINAL TO-DAY
TO BE SCREENED ALTERNATIVELY:
2-D at 2.30 & 7.30 p.m.
3-D at 5.30 & 9.30 p.m.



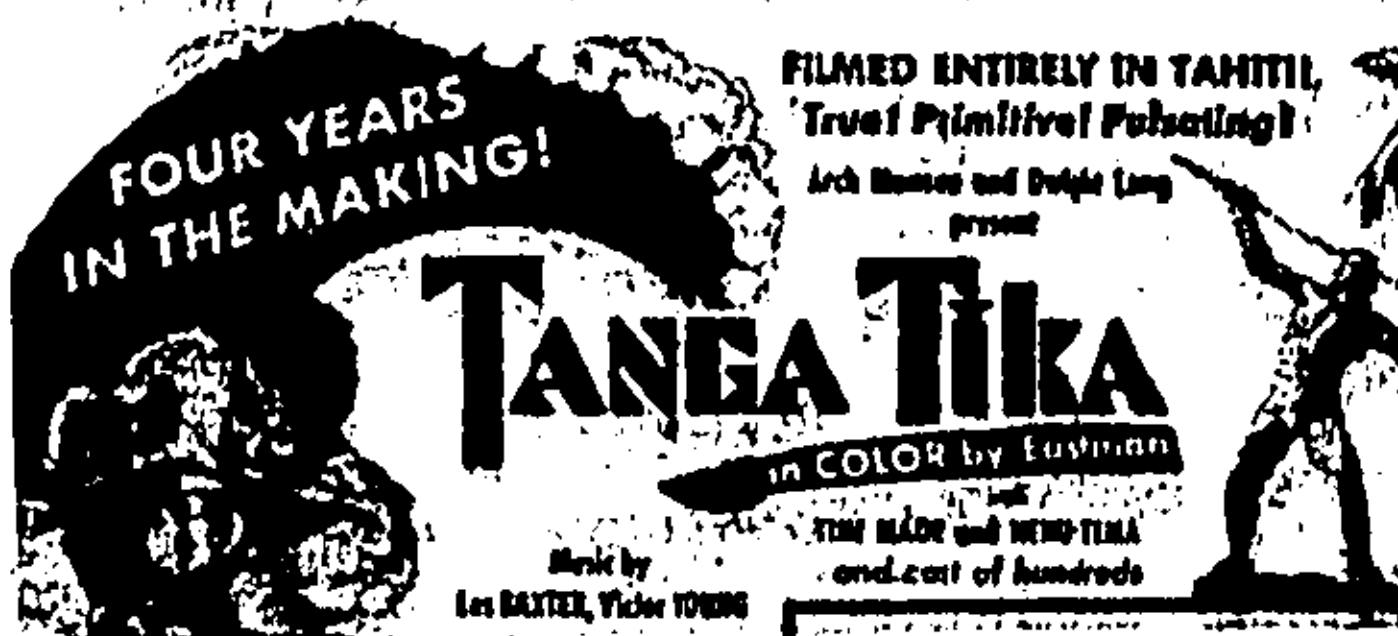
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE
MIGHTY MOUSE
COLOUR CARTOONS
At 11.30 a.m.
GREAT WORLD
WALT DISNEY
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.

At Reduced Prices!
NEXT CHANGE



FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Strongly Recommended By Motion Picture Herald



ADDED ATTRACTION: TRUE FACE OF JAPAN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

20th CENTURY-FOX

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50 & \$1.00

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• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



APRIL in the Lake District. Four youngsters enjoying a ride in the sunshine against the picturesque background of the Lake District scenery on the Fells at Troutbeck, near Windermere, Westmorland.



LEFT: Waving gaily from the plane at London Airport is the new French film star, Françoise Arnoul. She is 21, is very slim and small, and looks like a small boy with the suiks. She has gained tremendous popularity, although it is rumoured she even snubs producers. (Express).

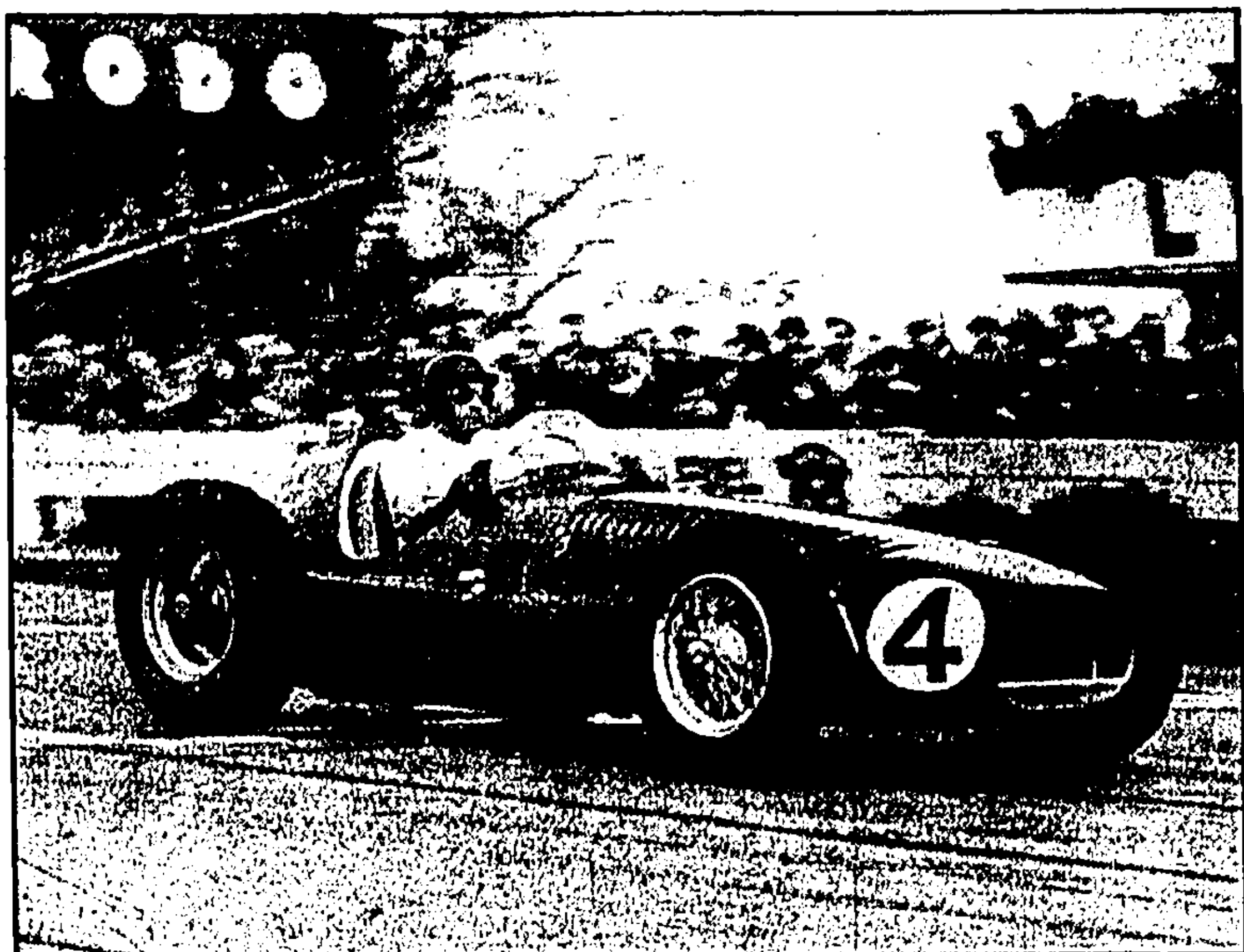
RIGHT: Three stars of "Waiting For Gillian," which had its world premiere at the Opera House, Manchester. They are, from left, John McCullum, Googie Withers and Frank Lawton. The play is based on Nigel Balchin's best-selling novel, "The Way Through the Wood." (Express).



THREE copies of Mr Clement Attlee's memoirs were put up as prizes at the 70th birthday party of the Fabian Society. Mr Attlee listens to one of the guests at the party. (Express).



A cocktail party was held at London's Savoy Hotel the other day for the top sporting personalities of the year. Among the guests were Gordon Pirie, running champion who was named Sportsman of the Year, and Miss Pat Smythe, the horsewoman, named Sportswoman of the Year. They are seen here with Lord Aberdare. (Express).



THE Chichester Cup, a five-lap scratch event, was won at Silverstone by Ken Wharton in a BRM. Wharton is pictured here in car No. 4 during the race. The crowd admired the immaculate performance put up by the BRM. (Express).



LEFT: Reporting to the Guildford Depot of the WRAC, six-foot recruit Peggy Wallis, 24, meets 19-year-old Private Sheila Thornton from Leeds—a more 4 ft. 9 in. Sheila believes she is the shortest woman in the British Army. Peggy, daughter of a policeman of Finsbury Park, London, has joined up as a cook.



THE Soviet pigtail. Gulnara Mavayeva (right), is 4 ft. 10 in. tall, and she wears a pigtail not very much shorter. She arrived in London the other day with seven other Soviet Russian students to give a cabaret performance at the Walthamstow Technical College. The occasion: a National Students' Union festival. (Express).

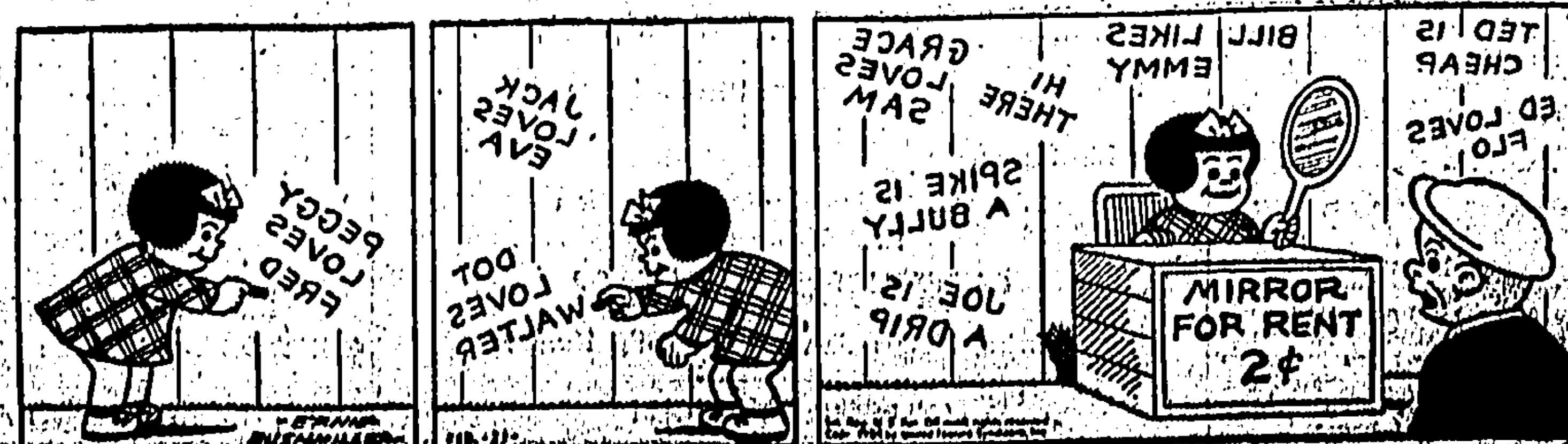


AT the ceremonial parade held to mark the Aldershot military centenary. Major-General Alexander Campbell, GOC Aldershot District, and the Mayor of Aldershot, Alderman F. Stay, are seen at the saluting base.



ST Peter's Church, in Great Windmill Street, a few yards from Piccadilly Circus and in the heart of London's theatreland, has held its last service. The altar has been sold. Canon Clarence May is seen conducting the last service. The small church has been frequented by actors and actresses for the last 96 years, and many famous stars have read the Lesson there. (Express).

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

DAILY
BOOK
MILK
CHOCOLATES



"Now, boys, we'll try not to disturb the gentleman while he's painting."

London Express Service

MR. KERB OF THE QUEEN MARY RETIRES FROM THE MOST CELEBRITY-STUDDED RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD

The Verandah Grill

THERE is hardly a well-known person in the world who has not met Oldrich Kerb. He knows them all—the great, the glamorous, the notorious, the rich.

Because before he retired soft-spoken Czech-born Oldrich Kerb was manager of the verandah grill in the Queen Mary where the famous meet and eat.

Before he took over the verandah grill on the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary, he was for 10 years in the old Aquitania. And more headline names have sat at his celebrity-studded tables than in any other restaurant on earth.

Mr Kerb fed them, watched them, and made notes about them. And here, from a few pages of his notebook, are some of the stories of the people he met crossing the Atlantic.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, for instance, seldom goes to bed before 2 a.m. and is inordinately fond of chicken broth.

At midnight a tureen of it is always ready in his state-room pantry. And his valet serves him several cups during the next hour or two as he sits alone in his cabin playing patience. A candle always burns in the cabin so he can light his cigar if it goes out.

MOLOTOV, VYSHINSKY, and other top-ranking Russians were among the most irritating passengers.

Wherever they went in the ship a man walked in front of them and two behind. All three of them had their hands in their pockets as they walked, fingering their revolvers. While Vyshinsky and his daughter—a pretty girl in her twenties—sat in the grill his three bodyguards waited outside in the corridor. "It was pitiful to see such behaviour in a British ship," comments Kerb. "It made everyone sick."

Molotov did not use the grill or any of the public rooms. He ate in a private dining-room with his secretaries and advisers. His bodyguard lounged inside the door.

One day the head waiter in charge suddenly wondered if everything was all right with the service. He hurried along the corridor and dashed into the private rooms to find a revolver, held by a grim-faced Russian, sticking into his ribs. When he explained who he was the Russian said: "Not so fast. Slow up next time you walk in here."

EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY HAS EATEN THERE—JUST LISTEN TO THESE STORIES HE HAS TO TELL

by John Deane Potter



OLDRICH KERB
The rich, the notorious—he remembers them all.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR and the Duchess behave like any other happily married couple. Occasionally, like any other husband, the Duke likes to have an extra brandy after dinner. But the Duchess always leans across and says: "Oh, no, dear, you've had one already."

The Duke likes to take a stroll in the morning to watch the bell boys drill. But most of the time they spend in their cabin, sometimes playing canasta.

On one voyage there was a rich man aboard who disliked the Duke, and demanded his table. He was given the table next to the Duke. That did not satisfy him.

When the Duke came in to lunch, the passenger called him over and said: "I thought I told you I always have that table." I did not think the Duke had heard, but he suddenly said: "Well, you won't have it this time." There was no trouble from that passenger for the rest of the voyage.

LORD HAVESBROOK was one of my most regular passengers. And one of the few who never took the food and service for granted. Once I discovered he had been served with a piece of tough beef, I spoke to the chef and apologized to Lord Havesbrooke. All he said was: "Don't upset the chef. It is quite all right."

At the time every voyage he always went into the kitchen to thank the chef. He also

shook hands with the cooks—very few passengers are as thoughtful as that.

HENRY FORD Jun. walked into the Verandah Grill one day and said: "I will always like this place because I met my wife here." It was at an after-dinner dance in the grill that he was introduced to Miss Anne McConnell, New York stock-broker's daughter, who is now Mrs Henry Ford.

GLORIA VANDERBILT, the millionairess, and her husband, conductor Leopold Stokowski, in spite of the difference in their ages—he is 61, she is 30—are the most devoted couple I have ever seen.

He is the most attentive husband who ever sailed in the Queen Mary. The only time he ever becomes annoyed is when the waiter pulls out his wife's chair, opens a door for her, or pours out her wine. Because Stokowski likes to do that himself.

BARBARA HUTTON before the war was one of the most cheerful and chatty people who ever travelled with us. When she travelled with her husband at that time, Count Reventlow, she used to order her dinner talking volubly to me in her cabin and twisting her hair round an electric curler.

She was on a diet and was particularly anxious that she should have no salt. She insisted that she had unsalted butter with her meals. Eighteen months later, after she and Reventlow had parted, she was a different woman. She seemed to have lost all interest in life, hardly spoke to anyone, hardly ate anything.

Mr Kerb turns over the pages marked film stars and comes to the entry—**GRETA GARBO** was one of the most talkative women I have ever met. Not only that, she has a genuine dislike of publicity. I can understand it, because whenever she was aboard first-class passengers would try to book tables near her so they could

She always travelled alone, and to avoid people gazing at her she ate as soon as the grill opened—mostly lean beef with salad and a Swedish dressing she mixed herself.

On one trip she explained to me why she was on her way to England. A London-born farmer called Edgar Dunne, an admirer of hers who had never seen her, left her £5,000, mostly in Barclays Bank London.

"I am going to England to collect it and distribute it to the people in the East End and Coventry who have been bombed out," she said. And she asked me not to mention her mission to anyone.

She was smuggled ashore, as usual down the crew gangway, dressed in a stewardess's top coat to avoid reporters.

CLARK GABLE—now there is a man who behaves exactly as he does in his films! When I saw him in his latest film he was exactly the same person who has sat so often in my grill-room.

When he came aboard literally hundreds of girls always came to gaze at him. All of them said: "Benny him travelling right across the ocean all by himself. It does seem a shame."

Occasionally he would eat with friends. Once he travelled with two other film stars, Spencer Tracy and Charles Boyer. He accepted several invitations to dinner and drinks. When Tracy and Boyer heard of this they immediately ordered dinner in their rooms or sat at their table alone. No parties, no women, no gaiety at all was the unbreakable rule of those two men who make women swoon from Hollywood to Hongkong.

But not all film stars were like that.

POLA NEGRI, vamp of the silent screen who used to travel across in the old Aquitania, always behaved exactly as the public imagine film stars to. She had gold bracelets on each arm from her wrist, practically to her shoulders, like a puppy.

No coffee and orange juice for her breakfast. It was a plate of scrambled eggs and a bottle of the best champagne.

But it was not only the old-fashioned film stars who behaved slightly larger than life.

AMERICAN GAYLARD would show them a new trick of how to use a champagne glass.

Just before dawn he climbed to the bows of the ship crammed his bowler hat hard over his ears and jumped. He was seen not stop him in time. The giant liner swung round and circled the area for hours. They did not find him. All they found was his sudden bowler bobbing desolately among the cold, grey waves.

Then there was the American millionaire who wound up a party by having the swimming-bath filled with champagne at £2 10s. a quart. His guests were able to bath in champagne before they went to bed.

CARD-SHARPERS often travelled in big liners. There were always four of them together. Now they have disappeared from the Atlantic.

Mr Kerb believes the cost of living has hit them. The minimum first-class fare is £130 a single. That is more than £500 for the four of them. With a stay in France and their fare back, the trip would cost them about £1,200.

You have to be a very lucky card-sharper to cover those sort of expenses nowadays. So now they stay in New York, where their overheads are lower.

In the past they always got off at Cherbourg. They never landed in England. They were too afraid of Scotland Yard. They were always Americans, and looked like soberly-dressed business executives. "Card-sharpers never board a ship on chance. They are always following a rich and reckless gambler."

All four are apparently unknown to each other. One pretends to be sick and stays in his cabin. The others strike up an acquaintance with the victim, probably at the bar. After a time they suggest a visit to their sick friend. After one or two calls on him, they suggest a little game of cards in the privacy of his cabin to cheer him up. From then on the victim is doomed.

Sometimes these little card-sharp parties in private cabins end in disaster. There was, for instance, the case of the Irishman who was seldom seen out-

going without his bowler hat. Eventually the card-sharpers got him into a game. He lost £1,000.



AMONG THE GUESTS MR. KERB IS TALKING ABOUT CHURCHILL, FORD, VYSHINSKY, HUTTON, GABLE, GARBO, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

Just before dawn he climbed to the bows of the ship crammed his bowler hat hard over his ears and jumped. He was seen not stop him in time. The giant liner swung round and circled the area for hours. They did not find him. All they found was his sudden bowler bobbing desolately among the cold, grey waves.

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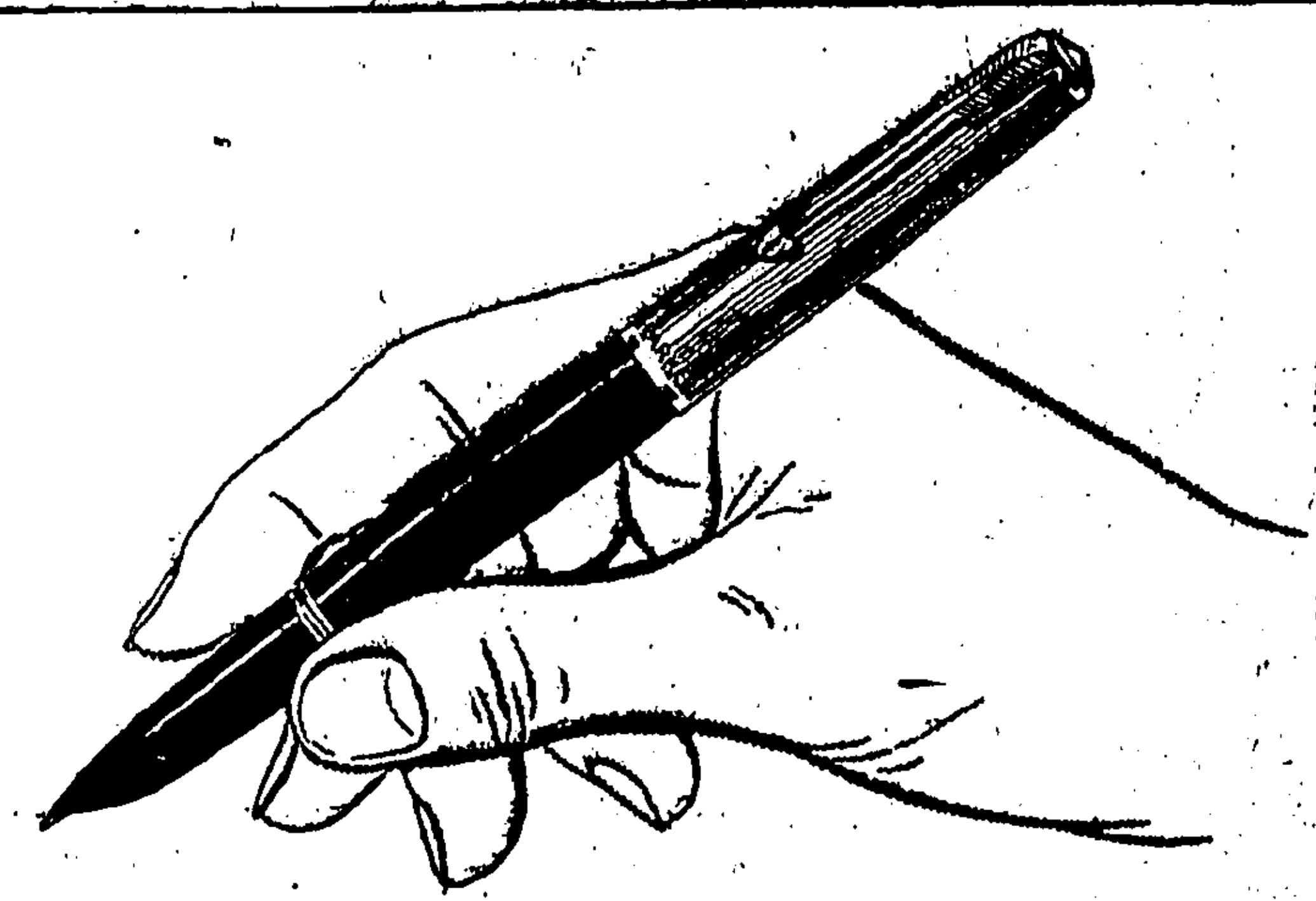
For the first time, here is pure, fresh whole milk that contains all the nutritional value of the original fresh milk, plus Vitamin D, and is thus "nature's most nearly perfect food." Economical in use and will keep indefinitely in its sealed container.

In 8oz. and economical 27½ oz. tins

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Sole Agents: JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO., LTD.



The Parker "51" Pen "learns" the way you write!

There's a special reason why the Parker "51" Pen feels so right in your hand.

This pen can actually "learn" your handwriting—the way you slant your letters, the pressure you use, and whether you write with your left or right hand.

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polishes itself to supreme smoothness, and stays that way. The result is an effortless, soundless movement across paper to achieve this pen is writing your way. For personal use or gifts, choose Parker "51"—only pen with the Platinium point. Choice of points.

For best results in this and all pens... use Parker Quink with care.

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"How Many Roubles For That Mink?"

By Bernard Ronald

The Russians are displaying their wares, from the luxuries of High Fashion and the Zim 6-cylinder limousine to the utilitarian tractor and the tipper-truck. But they won't tell you the prices. The customers might object!

Milan. The Russians are such a surprising people, sometimes charming, usually uncommunicative, but always enigmatic. Smiling Vladimir Suscov, boss of the lavish Soviet show in Milan's 36-nation trade fair, is no exception to the rule.

He has the twinkling eyes of a man about to tell the joke of the year, but he never puts the cause of his mirth into words. He is the only survivor of the representatives Stalin sent to show Russian products and propaganda in the 1951 edition of the fair, the last time the Soviet Union participated.

The 1951 propaganda show drew more laughs than converts. For example, cycling is Italy's national sport, and, used as they are to the most modern machines, the Italians just couldn't help smiling when they saw Soviet roadsters fitted with saw blades that clamped down on the tyre—something that smacked of the penny-farthing age.

Malenkov's men have done a much better job. Not only are the Soviet stands the biggest in the fair, they are easily the most interesting.

Wide Variety

The official Russian stand in the huge Palace of Nations has a wider variety of exhibits than a dozen big city stores. They range from silk to sausage, metals to milk coats, perfumes and scented soap to grand pianos and gilded 46-string harps.

Smart two-piece costumes with a Parisian look are on view, gay hats and a medley of furs, and shapely, blue-eyed blondes like Tamara Vasilina who give Soviet smiles to visitors. Tamara is very feminine and very sensitive. She even blushed when I showed her I had her name in my note book, and knew which hotel she was staying at. On second thoughts, I think she suspected I was asking her for a date, for interviews by sign language can scarcely be apathetic.

By contrast, Britain's official stand is a tiny and rather colourless spectacle. Sponsored by the Board of Trade, it has

no exhibits except a pictorial account of the progress made by British aviation—from the earliest single-seaters to the jet-engined Conquers. The mystery which surrounds the cause of the recent Comet crashes off Italy is being discussed in millions of British homes. It is also being discussed by the crowds of Italian visitors.

But whether pictures on the official stand is a sound investment or not, 300 British manufacturers are looking after the job of boosting their exports on private stands in other parts of the fair.

The Russians, on the other hand, have no aeroplane exhibits, but they have practically everything else.

Flowers Everywhere

In addition to the consumer goods shown on their official stand, they also have two other mammoth stands with a vast array of engineering products. There are caterpillar-tracked tractors, a Zim six-cylinder limousine, a giant 25-ton tipper-truck powered by a 300 HP engine, 20 machine tools, farm equipment of all kinds, power generators, working models of a traffic system for railways said to be an improvement on the conventional lever-type signals, electric calculating and indexing machines and textile looms.

There are flowers everywhere. Carnations, tulips and wild roses on squares of carpet-like green turf. But there are none of the usual outdoor portraits of Malenkov. Over an area of Soviet showpieces that covers 2,500 square yards there is not even a hint that a man named Malenkov exists. Politics have been purged from the fair by the organisers this year.

There are placards saying Russian food prices have been reduced six times in the last seven years and are now 50 percent less than in 1947, but the Soviet exhibits carry no price tags, and any questions about prices of individual exhibits are parried with: "Sorry. We cannot tell the general public our prices. Merchants interested in buying would object."

When I asked a Soviet salesgirl how much a mink coat cost, the answer through an incolourless interpreter was: "Sorry. I do not know."

The new exploits of SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WAX GAMBLERS

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE and JOHN DICKSON CARR

WHEN my friend Mr Sherlock Holmes sprained his ankle, irony followed upon irony. Within a matter of hours he was presented with a problem whose singular nature seemed to make imperative a visit to that sinister, underground room so well known to the public.

My friend's accident has been an unlucky one. Purely for the sport of it, he had consented to an impromptu glove-match with Bully Boy Kasher, the well-known professional middleweight, at the old Cribb Sporting Club in Pantion Street. To the amazement of the spectators, Holmes knocked out the Bully Boy before the latter could settle down to a long, hard mill.

Having broken Kasher's hanging guard and survived his right hand, my friend was leaving the sparring-saloon when he tripped on those ill-lit, rickety stairs which I believe it was the first week in March 1890. Uttering an exclamation as I read the telegram from Mrs Hudson, I handed the message to my wife.

The intelligence of this mishap reached me as my wife and I finished our midday meal one cold season of rain and screaming winds. Though I have not my notebook at hand, I believe it was the first week in March 1890. Uttering an exclamation as I read the telegram from Mrs Hudson, I handed the message to my wife.

"You must go at once and see to the comfort of Mr Sherlock Holmes for a day or two," said she. "Anstruther will always do your work for you."

Since at that time my house was in the Paddington area, it took me no great time to be in Baker Street. Holmes was, as I expected, seated upon the sofa with his back to the wall, wearing a purple dressing gown and with his bandaged right ankle upon a heap of cushions. A low-power microscope stood

on a small table at his left hand, while on the sofa at his right lay a perfect drift of discarded newspapers. Despite the weary, heavy-lidded expression which veiled his keen and eager nature, I could see that the misfortune had not sweetened his temper. Since Mrs Hudson's telegram had mentioned only a fall on some stairs, I asked for an explanation and received that with which I have prefaced this chronicle.

"I was proud of myself, Watson," he added bitterly, "and careless of my step. The more fool I!"

"Yet surely some modest degree of pride was permissible? The Bully Boy is no mean opponent."

"On the contrary, I found him much overrated, and but a drunk. But I see, Watson, that you yourself are troubled about your health."

"Good heavens, Holmes! It is true that I suspect the advent of a cold. But, since there is as yet no sign in my appearance or voice, it is astonishing that you can have known it!"

"Astounding? It is elementary. You have been taking your own pulse. A minute trace of the silver shirte upon your right forefinger has been transferred to a significant spot on your left wrist. But what on earth are you doing now?"

Headless of his protest, I examined and re-bandaged his ankle. "And yet, my dear fellow," I went on, endeavouring to raise his spirits as I might cheer any patient, "in one sense it gives me great pleasure to see you thus incapacitated."

Holmes looked at me fixedly, but did not speak. "Yes," said I, continuing to cheer him, "we must curb our impulses while we are confined to the sofa for a fortnight or perhaps more. But do not misunderstand me. When last summer I had the privilege of meeting your brother—Mycroft—you stated that he was your superior in observation and deduction."

"I spoke the truth. If the art of detection began and ended in reasoning from an armchair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived."

"Well, I am no racing man. Yet I recall that Sir Gervase won a fortune during last year's Derby. Ill-disposed persons whispered that he did so by bribery and secret information. Be good enough, Watson, to remove this microscope."

I did so. There remained upon the little table only the sheet of created newspaper which Holmes had flung down there. From the pocket of his dressing gown he took out the snuff box of old gold, with a great amethyst in the centre of the lid, which had been a present from the King of Bohemia.

"However," he added, "every move made by Sir Gervase Darlington is now carefully watched. Should he so much as attempt to communicate with any suspicious person, he will be warned off his land in good time. I cannot recall the name of the horse on which he wagered."

"Lord Hove's Bengal Lady," cried I. "By Indian Rajah out of Countess. She finished three furlongs ahead of the field. Though, of course," I added, "I know little more of racing matters than yourself."

"Indeed, Watson?"

"Holmes, such suspicions as you appear to entertain are base and unworthy! I am a married man with a depleted bank balance. Besides, what ruse is run in such wild weather as this?"

"Well, the Grand National cannot be too far off," said I. "Lord Hove has two entries for the Grand National. Many fancy Thunder Lad, though not much is expected of Sheerness. But to me," I added, "a scandal attached to the Sport of Kings is incredible. Lord Hove is an honourable man."

"Precisely. Being an honourable man, he is no friend to Sir Gervase Darlington."

"But why are you so sure Sir Gervase can bring you nothing of interest?"

"If you were acquainted with the gentleman, Watson, you would acquit him of being concerned in anything whatever of interest, save that he is a really formidable heavyweight boxer."

Holmes whistled. "Comel Sir Gervase was among those who witnessed my own trifling success with the Bully Boy this morning."

"Then what can he want of you?"

"Even if the question were of any moment, I have no data. A pinch of snuff, Watson? Well, I am not enamoured of it myself, though it represents an occasional variation from too much self-poisoning by nicotine. I could not help laughing."

"My dear Holmes, your case is typical. Every medical man knows that a patient with an injury like yours, though the injury is slight and even of a humorous character, becomes as unreasonable as a child."

Holmes snapped shut the snuff box and put it into his pocket. "Watson," said he, "grateful though I am of your presence, I shall be obliged if you do not utter one word more for at least the next six hours, lest I say something which I may regret."

Thus, remaining silent even at supper, we sat very late in the snug room. Holmes moodily cross-indexed his records of crime, and I was deep in the pages of the British Medical Journal. Save for the tick of the clock and the crackle of the fire, there was no sound but the shrieking of the March gale, which drove the rain against the windows like handfuls of small shot, and growled and whooped in the chimney.

"No, no," my friend said querulously, at long last. "Optimism is stupidity. Certainly no case will come to my—Mark! Was that not the bell?"

"Yes, I heard it clearly in spite of the wind. But who can it be?"

"If a client," said Holmes, craning his long neck for a glimpse of the clock, "it must be a matter of deep seriousness to bring someone out at two in the morning and in such a gale."

After some delay, during which it took Mrs Hudson an interminable time to rise from her bed and open the street door, no less than two clients were ushered into our room. Both of them had been speaking at once, but their conversation became distinct as they approached the doorway.

"Gentlemen, your 'mustn't' came, a young woman's voice. 'For the last time, please. You don't want Mr. Holmes to think you are,' here she lowered her voice to a whisper, 'simple.'"

"You interest me. Why so?"

"I'm not simple!" cried her companion. "Dad it, Nellie, I see what I see! The gentleman yesterday morning, only you wouldn't hear of it."

"But, grandfather, that Room of Horrors is a fearfully frightening place. You imagined it, dear."

"I'm seventy-six years old. But I've got no more imagination," said the old man, proudly, "than one of them wax figures. Mo imagine it? Me, that's been night watchman since long before the museum was took here it is now, and was still here in Baker Street?"

The newcomers paused. The ancient visitor, squat and stubborn-looking in his rain-soaked brown greatcoat and shepherd's check trousers, was a solid man of the people, with fine white hair. The girl was different. Graceful and lithe, with fair hair and grey eyes encircled by black lashes, she wore a simple costume of blue with narrow white frills at the wrists and throat. There was grace as well as timidity even in the gesture with which she lowered the dripping umbrella from over her black straw hat.

Yet her delicate hands trembled. Very prettily she identified Holmes and myself, apologising for this late call.

"My name is Eleanor Baxter," she added, "and, as you may have gathered, my poor grandfather is the night attendant at Madame Tulpin's exhibition of wax figures in the Marblebone Road. She broke off, 'Oh! Your poor ankle!'"

"My injury is nothing," said Baxter, "and, as you are both very welcome, Watson, our guests' coats, the umbrella, so, now, you may be seated here in front of me. Though I have a crutch of sorts here, I am sure you will forgive me if I remain where I am. You were saying?"

Miss Baxter, who had been looking fixedly at the little table in evident distress at her grandfather's words, now gave a start, and changed colour as she found Holmes' keen eye upon her.

"Sir, are you acquainted with Madame Tulpin's waxworks?"

"It is fairly famous," said Baxter blushed. "My meaning was, have you ever visited it?"

"Hm! I fear I am too much like our countrymen. Let some place be remote or inaccessible, and the Englishman will lose his life to find it. But he will not even look at it when it lies within a few hundred yards of his own front door. Have you visited Madame Tulpin's, Watson?"

"No, I am afraid not," I replied. "Though I have heard much of the underground Room of Horrors. It is said that the management offer a large sum of money to anyone who will spend a night there."

The stubborn-looking old man, who to a medical eye showed symptoms of strong physical pain, nevertheless chuckled hoarsely as he sat down. "Lord, bless you, sir, don't you believe a word of that nonsense."

"It is not true, then?"

"No, a bit, sir. They wouldn't even let you do it. 'Cept a sporting gentleman might light a cigar or what not, and they're feared to death of fire."

"Then I take it," said Holmes, "that you are not unduly troubled by the Room of Horrors?"

"No, sir; never in general. The even got old Charlie Pence there. He's with Marwood, too, the hangman what turned Charlie off not eleven years ago—but they're friendly, like. His voice went higher. 'But fair's fair, sir; and I don't like it a bit when those blessed wax figures begin to play a hand of cards.'"

A drive of rain rattled against the windows. Holmes leaned forward. "The wax figures, you say, have been playing at cards?"

"Yes, sir. Word of Sam Baxter!"

"Are all the wax figures engaged in the card games, or only some of them?"

"Only two, sir."

"How do you know this, Mr Baxter? Did you see them?"

"Lord, sir, I should hope not! But what am I to think when one of 'em has discarded from his hand, or taken a trick, and the cards are all matched up on the table? Maybe I ought to explain, sir?"

"Forgive me, madam. Mr Baxter, what particular game of cards are the two wax figures playing?"

"Dunno, sir. Used to wonder that myself, long ago when I was new to the old place, Nap or whist, maybe? But I dunno."

"You say that the figure with his back turned is holding fewer cards than he should. How many cards have been played from his hand?"

"Sir?"

"You did not observe? Tcha, that is most unfortunate! Then I beg of you carefully to consider a vital question. Have these figures been gambling?"

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"My dear Holmes—" I began, but my friend's look gave me a pause.

"You tell me, Mr Baxter, that the cards upon the table have been moved or at least disturbed. Have the gold coins been moved as well?"

"Come to think of it," replied Mr Samuel Baxter, after a pause, "no, sir, they haven't! Funny, too."

Holmes' eyes were glittering, and he rubbed his hands together.

"I fancied as much," said he. "Well, fortunately I may devote my energies to the problem, since I have nothing on hand at the moment save a future dull matter which seems to concern Sir Gervase Darlington, and possibly Lord Hove as well. Lord Hove—Dear me, Miss Baxter, is anything wrong?"

Eleanor Baxter, who had risen to her feet, now contemplated Holmes with startled eyes.

"Did you say Lord Hove?" asked she.

"Yes. How should the name be familiar to you, may I ask?"

"Merely that he is my employer."

"Indeed?" said Holmes, raising his eyebrows. "Ah, yes. You do typewriting, I perceive. The double line in the plush costume a little above your wrist, where the typewrist presses against the table, proclaims as much. You are acquainted with Lord Hove, then?"

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"No, I have never so much as seen him, though I do much typewriting at his town house in Park Lane. So humble a person as I—"

"Tcha, this is even more unfortunate! However, we must do what we can. You say any objection to going out into such a tempestuous night?"

"Not in the least," said I, much astonished. "But why?"

"This confounded sofa, my boy! Since I am confined to it as to a sickbed, you must be my eyes. It troubles me, it troubles me, it troubles me. Mr. Baxter, but would it be possible for you to escort Dr Watson for a brief visit to the Room of Horrors? Thank you; excellent."

"But what am I to do?" asked I.

"In the upper drawer of my desk, Watson, you will find some envelopes."

"Well, Holmes?"

"Oblige me by counting the number of 'e's' in the hand of each wax figure. Then carefully keeping them in their present order from left to right, place each set in a separate envelope which you will mark accordingly. Do the same with the cards upon the table, and bring them back to me as quickly as you may accomplish it."

"Sir," began the ancient man in excitement.

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"No, no, Mr Baxter, I should prefer not to speak now. I have only a working hypothesis, and there seems one almost insuperable difficulty to it. Holmes frowned. 'But it is of the first importance to discover, in all senses of the word, what game is being played at that wax exhibition.'"

Together with Samuel Baxter and his granddaughter, I ventured forth into the rain-whipped darkness. Despite Mrs Baxter's protests, within ten minutes we were all three standing before the gambling tableau in the Room of Horrors.

A not ill-looking young man named Robert Parslop, clearly much smitten with the charms of Eleanor Baxter, turned up the blue smoke of gas in dusty globes. But even so the gloomy room remained in a semi-darkness, in which the ranks of grim wax figures seemed embued with a horrible spider-like repose as though waiting only until a visitor turned away, before reaching out to touch him.

Was Gervase Darlington (To Be Continued on Monday)?

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Let's forget the alibis, said the Golden Boy

by GEORGE WHITING

SOME beaten fighters holler, a few apologise, a minority beat their breasts and weep, others conjure excuses from the air and the extensive repertoire of their managers.

But not Eric Boon, the Golden Boy. Beaten down and out by Robert Villmain, a tawny, belligerent Frenchman, in the "fight of the year" in 1948, Boon got up off his knees and stepped out of the big time in the grand manner. Said he:

"Bring me a beer and forget the alibis."

British boxing has produced no sturdier personality than Boon, the lightweight country boy from Cambridgeshire who set the fighting world by its ears when he was 16, crashed when they "baited" him on the scales, sought revival as a welterweight, and finally petered out, unsung by a profession he once had ruled with a punch like the kick of a mule.

There will always be argument, I suppose, as to which fight it was that finally set the skids under the impudent, colourful Boon, erstwhile blacksmith's striker from Chertsey. Having seen most of them from his infant prodigy days at the old Devonshire Club, and through his championship gloves to the final indignity of a dismissal for "not giving of his best," I select the Villmain defeat at Harringay on April 20, 1948, as the curtain that ended Boon's career in championship boxing.

Never again were we to see him hammer the hide off an opponent in this country.

'Gingerbread'

Villmain, nicknamed "Gingerbread," looked and fought like a French bulldog, was five years younger than the 29-year-old Boon, and had never been beaten in the 30 professional fights that had led him to the welterweight championship of Europe at the expense of our own Ernie Roderick.

Against so uncompromising an opponent, it was make-or-break

for the postwar Boon—yet few of us at the ringside, I imagine, were prepared for the dramatic ten rounds of thrust and bait that came our way that night.

Slatched at the curious weight of 10½ lbs, Boon and Villmain gave us boxing at its best, with an accent on speed.

Villmain, right from the start, proved himself a man of iron purpose and immediate effect.

For three rounds the pale Boon and the swarthy Villmain stalked each other with the left hand Boon cheekily exposing his chin, Villmain with his head tucked into the shelter of his left shoulder. Each scored, each parried, and each countered. Anybody's fight.

Sniping

In the fourth, Boon ran into a short right that put him down for a count and stung him into lively enough retaliation to square the round with a tumble of breath-sapping punches to the body.

More sniping, and then, in the sixth, came the beginning of the real fireworks. Boon, recovering from a slip, tried a left to the "button," induced Villmain to drop his guard for the first time, and jumped in to collect his dividend with every punch he could muster.

For two minutes, Villmain took a hammering—mostly rights to the head—that would have overwhelmed a lesser man, but he rode out the storm in the manner of a real champion. Nevertheless, he did not decline, as he had done previously with a fine show of disdain, the proffered stool at the end of the round.

Villmain had bellows to mend, and his seconds earned

their keep in that feverish minute between rounds six and seven.

Now came Elation, until the resourceful Boon saw his rival come out of a clinch with a plum-like swelling under his right eye—a blood-red target to be thumped with all the vigour he could command from his left hand.

But Frenchmen rarely fight until, and Villmain seemed an unconquerable time being beaten off. The gloves of a tiring Boon were now being carried lower than his chin, his most savage punches were being blocked, and the golden opportunities created in earlier rounds began to slip away as the superbly trained Villmain recovered and wound himself up for the final assault.

The gallantry of Boon was nearly spent. Lead in his legs prevented him making the most of a dreamlike opening when Villmain stumbled at the beginning of the ninth round.

Hooks pointed his ribs, staccato lefts jabbed and joined his anguished head—anguished because his arms were no longer able to obey his defensive instincts. At the end of the round, Boon slumped to the floor in sheer exhaustion.

The odds

Ten minutes to go, and the ringside "boys" were bawling odds-on whether the weary Boon could stay the course. He put his all into a right to Villmain's chin, but timing and direction were by now but tattered remnants. Villmain rode the punch, side-stepped swiftly to his right, and sent his rival slithering down the ropes to the floor with a left hook to the chin.

At "nine," the one-time Golden Boy somehow dragged himself to a buckled perpendicular, but there was no longer any armour to defend him. He was spent.



The date: June 1952. Eric Boon and his wife have a last look at London as they leave for Australia from St. Pancras station.

Villmain, with seconds left to smash home his superiority, kept at his target with a stream of left and right hooks to the head, and Boon, all resistance gone, collapsed to his knees under the bludgeoning. At the end, the mathematicians among us discovered that Boon had failed to cheat the knock-out by just five miserable seconds.

But Villmain was not a merciful character as a one-minute lesson on how to lose like a gentleman.

"I have been licked by a better fighter," he said. "When I fought Ernie Roderick, my hands let me down. When I fought Omar Kouidri, I got nervous. This time, there was nothing wrong with me. I was beaten by a clever fighter, and that is all there is to it."

Swan song

A characteristic gesture—in keeping with the rumbustious Boon we had known in earlier days—But not entirely accurate for it later transpired that Boon had boxed the last five rounds against Villmain with a badly damaged knuckle on his right hand.

Whatever the circumstances, the Golden Boy had sung his swan song. He put on gloves again in England, in Canada, in the U.S.A., and in Hawaii—but he himself, I feel certain, would have us forget those affairs.

Eric Boon ended his career in Britain at loggerheads with boxing authority. But he contributed much to our boxing history—and not least by the manner of his departure under the fire from a Frenchman called "Gingerbread."

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NEXT SATURDAY:
The pluckiest loser
in the game

CHAPMAN PINCHER on SLEEP

DO YOU FEAR LYING AWAKE?

DURING the process of waking up your senses come back in the reverse order to which they disappeared when you went to sleep. Your senses of touch and hearing, freshen up first, followed by smell and finally sight as your eyelids flick open.

The brain too exhibits activity exactly the reverse of that displayed on dropping off to sleep. Will-power is the first faculty of all to weaken when you are dozing off at night, and is the last to reappear on waking.

Hence the difficulty of getting up in the morning no matter how strong your resolutions were on the previous night.

Many of us through habit never awaken thoroughly on first opening our eyes because we deliberately let ourselves slip back into semi-consciousness to get an extra few minutes lie in bed. We shut off our eyes and our other sense organs quickly become drowsy again. Scientists who have specially studied this borderline state between wakefulness and sleep have aptly named it "floating off." We often return to consciousness from it with a start, only to "float off" again unless we take resolute action to rouse ourselves. If you happen to "float off" with your eyes open, as can happen, you may find yourself seeing double.

Begin To Yawn

Once you are fully conscious you will probably begin to yawn, which is believed to be an automatic effort to increase the amount of oxygen in the lungs and hence in the blood.

Your blood, which becomes diluted during the night, soon begins to recover its strength when you get out of bed and your body becomes vertical, but it does not get back to normal until you have been up and active for about a couple of hours.

As this effect on the blood is due to horizontal posture and not to sleep itself it may also help to explain why lying in the sun is so enervating.

Most people are not sufficiently alert immediately after waking over their emotions so it is usually wise to avoid contro-

versal topics at the breakfast table.

Sleep seems to be absolutely essential to life. A human being can go without food for much longer than he can go without sleep. Not one of the scores of cases in which people claim to "have had no sleep for years" has stood up to examination. Folk who say they never sleep a wink usually average about five hours a night.

Young men who volunteered to go without sleep for as long as possible so that scientists could study them developed delusions after only 72 hours of continuous wakefulness.

Doctors have quizzed healthy young people to find out how much time they normally devote to sleep. They report that the figures are eight hours for women and seven for men, but they stress that sleep requirements vary so much from person to person that average figures have little meaning.

A few exceptional individuals can manage with only five hours' sleep.

Body Build

Other people feel they must have nine or even 10 hours' sleep regularly and they are often by no means sluggish. In fact one investigator showed that men who have attained distinction in life appear to sleep longer than the average.

There may be some connection between sleep habits and body build. Stocky people seem to recover from fatigue less rapidly than slim people and so may need a little more sleep.

What must be happening to the health of the thousands of insomniacs who rarely get a full quota of sleep? The doctors have a reassuring answer.

A long and continuous night's rest is ideal for general health but steady loss of up to three hours' sleep night seems to cause little direct harm to the body or mind.

It is only the fear that continual loss of sleep must be injurious which causes serious harm.

It must not be thought that all lost sleep must—or should—be made up later. Fortunately we do not have to pay our sleep debts hour for hour.

Three hours extra sleep can usually make up for the eight hours lost through missing a previous night's rest.

(London Express Service)



Gordon's

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MUSSOLINI IS STILL BOSS

By RALPH HART

ITALY has over 1,500,000 Fascists who make no bones about their political sympathies. Votes polled by the neo-Fascist MSI party at the last parliamentary elections showed the Blackshirt "shadow" is a very substantial one.

But one Mussolini has some doubts about the methods used by the Fascist revivalist brigades.

For Signor Alfredo Mussolini is annoyed with what he calls the "too slow tempo of the swing back to Fascism." He is a 65-year-old cousin of the Duce, and he has the tumultuous tongue, granite chin and bull neck of his late unlamented relative.

I had heard reports that Predappio Alto—the village where the dictator spent his boyhood—was turning Fascist again after a postwar "flirt" with left-wing politicians. So I went up into the rolling, wind-swept Romagna hills to find out just what was happening in year 9 A.D. (After the Duce).

The meeting with Alfredo Mussolini showed that he is a power in his village. People on the streets doffed their hats to him, and addressed him as "Comandatore"—his pre-1945 Fascist title.

MAN OF BOMBAST

Alfredo Mussolini is a man of bombast. He has an aggressive personality. In the village square you see his authority, though he dresses in the rough fashion of the local farmers—unbuttoned suit, woolly cardigan and unknown counterpane of Fascist memorabilia in his house just off the piazza—silver walking sticks, emblems, medals and autographed photographs of the dictator.

He said: "Oh, yes, the people respect me here. But who has

ever doubted that there is not a new future for Fascism? The only doubts I have are whether the neo-Fascist party has men capable of organising on the pre-war scale. Support is not lacking. But we need a leader with the strength of the Duce, a man who can exploit the chaos of today in which millions vote Communist because they are dissatisfied—not because they are Reds. And in which millions vote for the Christian Democrats because they fear Communism—not because they admire De Gasperi."

Snapping his heavy, close-cropped head he muttered: "Augusto De Marsanich, the secretary of the neo-Fascists, has not the punch for the job. The movement needs a powerful head, a man who will fan the flames of the old passions."

FOND OF A DANCE

Alfredo Mussolini is a well-to-do squire who eats and drinks well and is fond of a dance with the village belles. But his influence is not merely a parochial one, for he also pulls strings in Rome, the capital. He "fixes things," say the weather-beaten characters in the local tavern.

One of the regulars drank his own health as he told me. The Commendatore got me a pension of £23 a month. Just like that! snapping his sun-tanned fingers. "I don't know who he saw in Rome or what he told them. But he fixed the pension all right."

I learned that Mussolini just about runs the village, for in addition to "fixing" things like pensions he bosses the social life, too.

He is the Master of Ceremonies at the village dances. He organises them, makes all arrangements for the music and the buffet. But he stands no nonsense from men who go just to watch. They have to dance. "Wallflowers" must not mar the success of a Mussolini enterprise.

IN THE WAKE OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS — THE JEWS RETURN TO GERMANY!

THE Jews who suffered more than any other people under the sadistic lash of Nazi butchery, are now returning—in their thousands—to the land of the former Third Reich.

A few months ago this extraordinary trek was little more than a rumour—suppressed in the Land of Promise known as the new-born state of Israel, and whispered incredulously in the streets of German towns and cities.

Now the rumour has suddenly burst into an irrefragable fact, which can be hailed as one of the most significant developments to occur in Germany since the end of the war. Significant because it proves—with little margin left for doubt—that the fungi of Nazism, which many believed to be springing up again, is, in fact, for the moment anyway—as dead as the bow and arrow. If it were not, if there were a vestige or a danger of it left, the Jews would not be returning to Germany.

★

There were 568,000 Jews in Germany in 1925—the nation's peak Jewish population. When Hitler took power in 1933, Germany still had 503,000 Jews. Nazi terror and barbarism had all but obliterated Germany's Jewish population by the war's end. In fact, there were just 21,879 Jews still living in Germany in 1950.

Once the camp gates swung open, Germany's Jews stamped to get out of the country. Here and there are 170 Jewish students in German universities. Jewish cultural life, with the assistance of German authorities, is being re-established in all areas of Germany.

The Jewish Women's Association of Germany has 2,000 members, and there are 170 Jewish students in German universities. Jewish cultural life, with the assistance of German authorities, is being re-established in all areas of Germany.

In fact, so strong is this tide of reverse migration that the West German Government and Jewish authorities in Germany

When Hitler took power in 1933 there were 503,000 Jews in Germany. The Nazis in their attempt to "wipe out the Jews" succeeded—all but for 71,000. Here Norman Lindhurst reveals for the first time one of the most astonishing stories of the postwar era—the story of thousands of Jews who, forsaking their new-born State of Israel, are returning to the land of their enemies.

have agreed to try and stem it.

The Germans are concerned because most of the returnees are disgruntled Israeli settlers who re-enter Germany illegally. Jewish leaders, meanwhile, fear the exodus from Israel may grow to such proportions as to endanger the new state's development.

Of West Germany's present Jewish population Berlin has the most Jews—6,000—and is one of the most successful post-war centres of Jewish life. Thousands of Jews are registered with Jewish church communities in various West German cities, and thousands more are scattered over Germany, living as ordinary German citizens.

Today there are 400 Jewish jurists in West Germany, of whom 60 are judges in the German courts system. Three members of the present West German Parliament are Jews, and the Association of Jewish Trade reports that 30 Jewish merchants own large business concerns.

The Jewish Women's Association of Germany has 2,000 members, and there are 170 Jewish students in German universities. Jewish cultural life, with the assistance of German authorities, is being re-established in all areas of Germany.

The Jewish newspaper, Allgemeine Wochenzeitung der Juden in Deutschland, has been revived and now has a circulation of nearly 60,000. It is published in three editions—one for West Germany, one for Berlin and the third for foreign countries.

In this overall picture the Adenauer Government appears to have been remarkably successful in restoring Jewish life to Germany and in allowing Jewish Jews of a Nazi background

The Bonn Government's major step was the negotiation with the state of Israel of a £274,000,000 restitution agreement, of which £250,000,000 will go for the delivery of German industrial equipment, manufactured products and raw materials to develop Israeli economy.

Efforts also are being made by the Bonn Government to speed up restitution of Jewish property in Germany seized by the Nazis and the payment of claims of Nazi concentration camp victims.

At this stage it may well be asked "what has happened to anti-Semitism in Germany?" Surely, after being installed in power, the Nazis must necessarily have died so quickly?"

The answer is that anti-Semitism is not dead in Germany. Far from it. Chancellor Adenauer, however, has made it highly unpopular to display it. In his own interests, at a time when he is striving to restore Germany as a world power, it would obviously be bad policy to let anti-Semitism revive in any form.

★

Because of this I have been able to discover only two examples of anti-Semitic feeling in postwar Germany. Jewish graves were molested in West Berlin and Stuttgart and a Jewish doctor was rejected for a job on the Offenbach (a Frankfurt suburb) Board of Health. In both cases, however, "accidents" followed the incidents. So much so in the case of the doctor that he was finally given the job.

On the other hand, Adenauer has encountered fairly stiff opposition to the Israeli "restitution pact." In fact, it was only the votes of the Social Democrats that put it across.

To sum up then, the Jews are returning to Germany content (and quite rightly so) that anti-Semitism is dead for the moment. The Germans, for their part, while admitting no personal responsibility for the present and wartime persecution of the Jews, remain a little horrified by "what the Nazis did." The surviving Nazis, with the heat on them, have more important (from their point of view, anyway) things to do than to try to revive a currently unpopular issue.



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FRONT LINE DOCTOR

The story that week by week brings to light at last the medical secrets of the war

Buttle's Bottles

Even the gin empties were called in to feed the 'bank' that dealt in human life . . . for 24 hours every day

by JOHN DEANE POTTER

DINNER was just over in the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It had been a traditional dinner in honour of an ordinary member called Buxton Browne, who left a sum of money in his will so that 100 fellows and members could dine at his expense once a year.

After dinner, a group of guests talked together in the library, with its leather-bound books and marble busts of long-dead doctors. One of them was a colonel in the War Office medical directorate.

It was a fateful moment in world history. The Spanish War was not yet ended, and Hitler was haranguing his way towards the Munich meeting.

As the War Office man sipped his coffee, he made no secret of the situation. The War Office was preparing for war within a year or so.

He asked the surgeons to help. Could they devise a foot-peg, a pump, a transfusion apparatus which could be manufactured quickly?

No Money

THE colonel also pointed out another difficulty. The War Office could not afford funds in peacetime for such research. Of course, when the war came there would be plenty of money, but in the meantime . . .

The surgeons agreed at once that the research could be paid for out of the funds of the college . . .

Now when World War Two loomed, why was blood trans-

HOW MUCH CAN THE HUMAN BODY STAND?

Here is another example taken from Sir Zachary Cope's great book, "Surgeons in World War Two," on which "Front Line Doctor" is based.

A SERGEANT attached to the Guards armoured division was blown up in a tank which hit a mine. He had a large abrasion over his right lower ribs.

An operation revealed a tear in his liver. He made a good recovery, and was sent home in the hospital ship *Amsterdam*. He was still a stretcher case, never having been out of bed since the operation.

Then the ship struck a mine. He got up out of bed, slid down the ship's side into the sea, and swam to a destroyer.

The surgeon's report said: "Once aboard, a lot of Navy rum soon put him right."

from the first problem to find men thought about?

Because they already knew—and they realised more and more as the war went on—that blood was the greatest life-saver. It is the best antidote for the deadly condition called surgical shock.

After serious injury, burns or bleeding, the pressure of the blood falls. The volume must be restored. It must be topped up, like a car battery.

So shock cases were transfused with natural blood—or with plasma, which is blood with the red and white cells removed.

But first the problem was to find a suitable apparatus. The surgeons gave Dr. Lancetot Potter, their museum curator, this job.

His orders were: It must be sturdy and simple. It must be

able to be manufactured with materials available in Britain. It must be suitable for use in the dark, in the rain, in exposed places.

Within a few months, Potter had his apparatus ready, with its rubber and steel tubes.

Nothing was forgotten. A manufacturer of milk bottles, used to making tough glass vessels which could be sterilised and roughly handled, agreed to make the containers.

Then another thought struck the researchers. The wide bottle would be handled by nurses, who would have small hands—they might drop it. It was decided to standardise a pinched-in waist bottle so nurses could grip it.

When war broke out, a ward was taken over in Southmead Hospital, Bristol, to start the Army transfusion service. In Cambridge, another transfusion service was planned.

Frozen Blood

BUT something else was happening in Cambridge. Dr. Ronald Greaves, a member of the university medical staff, was experimenting with steel cylinders full of blood.

In 1940 he reported that by freezing blood first and then withdrawing the moisture from it, he could make dry plasma.

The advantages of this were incalculable. Ordinary human blood will keep for three weeks if it is refrigerated. Dry plasma would keep for three years in any temperature.

As soon as Greaves' pilot plant was found to be working satisfactorily a full-scale drying plant was built at Chilton Polden, 30 miles from Bristol.

This meant that plasma in great quantities would be available to the Middle East, where Wavell was fighting the Italians in the desert. The Mediter-

anean was closed, and blood could not be sent on the long voyage round the Cape.

A blood transfusion service was already in operation for the Eighth Army in a hospital built by Farouk in Cairo. It became known to every serving man in the Middle East as the Fifteenth Scottish.

Working in the basement of this hospital was a man called Gladwyn Buttle, a scientist sent out from the Bristol plant to help to start a Middle East blood transfusion service.

Everything was against him and his team. Some of the apparatus had to be made locally by uncertain and inefficient Egyptian workmen; domestic type refrigerators were requisitioned to store the blood.

And there were no bottles. But Buttle, with the cry "Bottles for Buttle," soon settled that situation. He used sterilised gin empties.

Unbelievable

JUT-JAWED Buttle—now Wellcome Professor at the London University School of Pharmacy—today sits in a phaltered laboratory in Bloomsbury Square in London.

As he retells the Cairo days for me he looked over his half-

DRAWING BY ROSE

At H plus 5—five hours after the D-Day landings at Arromanches—Buttle's Bottles were there

moon "protectors" and said, with a chuckle: "You have no idea the number of dead gin bottles we were able to collect from the Gazala and Tarr clubs. It was an unbelievable amount."

Buttle and his men began energetically taking blood from Servicemen in the Delta. By the time the British Forces swung across the Mediterranean in pursuit of the defeated, retreating Nazis, 100,000 Servicemen had given their blood in Africa to save their comrades.

Then came the day of Alamain. British tanks huddled together, their guns drooping in the dark, waiting for the attack which was to throw Rommel out of Africa. And right behind them were Buttle's bottles—thousands of them.

After two years of hard work, the blood transfusion units were ready. They were lying side by side with the battle surgeons

truck. A few miles behind the Alamain line were the distributing trucks, with blood and plasma ready to send up further supplies.

More than 3,000 bottles of blood were used at Alamain. As the Army began to move rapidly over the desert after Rommel's army, aeroplanes were used for the first time to bring blood to wounded men in forward battle areas. When the fighting was on, a daily plane left Cairo with blood from the Fifteenth Scottish.

This was the first time in history that a full-scale blood transfusion service was available immediately to soldiers in battle. In time the blood transfusion service became one of the greatest masterpieces of organisation in the war.

From the Cairo blood bank which Buttle and his men built up came an organisation whose proud boast it was that no British Servicemen could be wounded anywhere in the world—in the damp, dappled jungle, the ice-jagged Arctic sea or the sun-smothered desert—without blood or plasma being available.

In Ship, Too

IN order to do this and to help civilians injured in air raids, more than a million people gave their blood.

Sir Lionel Whitby, one of the pioneers of the blood transfusion service, says in the official history:—

"The British Army could claim it was the only army—Allied or enemy—linked with a transfusion service capable of producing its own blood or blood substitutes suitable for use in any field of operation."

"Experience of modern mobile warfare soon showed it was usually impossible to find time to obtain blood from donors during the course of a heavy battle. The American Forces had eventually to abandon their elaborate equipment for collecting blood on the spot and adopt the British method of a central blood bank furnished with blood obtained by delivery from the United States."

It was the same in the Navy. At the outbreak of war, naval surgeons thought blood transfusions in ships were not a practical proposition. But in

the closing years of the war, transfusion was undertaken as routine in all warships.

Yet as the transfusion teams did their job they occasionally encountered the most primitive and unreasonable prejudices.

● GERMANS—particularly fanatical captured Nazis—often refused surgical help if it meant a transfusion of British blood.

Very often when they recovered, and said how fit they felt, British doctors replied: "You should do. You have four pints of Jewish blood in you."

But one young Nazi with a serious abdominal wound and a broken thigh refused a transfusion. The surgeons operated without his consent.

When he recovered from the anaesthetic he got up, still wearing a Tobruk splint, and smashed his head against the tent pole until he died.

But it was not only the Nazis who behaved strangely.

● AMERICANS were often afraid they might be transfused with blood from their coloured troops.

● INDIANS feared that blood let the spirit of another man into them.

● BRITISH, too. One officer who found that blood delivered to him had been given by 100 captured Germans ordered it to be poured away. I am happy to report that this senseless order was not carried out.

While the transfusion units met these difficulties in Africa and Italy, in Britain the D-Day build-up was slowly mounting.

Six of the best battle surgeons were recalled from Italy to advise the R.M.C. on field surgery under fire. With them came Buttle—now always known as the Bank Manager—and some of his transfusion officers.

Deception

JUST before D-Day blood became part of the deception plan. It was deliberately wasted. Weeks before the invasion was due, lorries of blood travelled from the Bristol centre to the Southampton area.

It was not needed, but the planning authorities realised that blood and plasma were one of the most vital ingredients of modern warfare. Any enemy spy who saw extra lorry loads of blood leaving Bristol would be able to predict fairly accurately that the invasion was due within a few days. To stop any information leaking out the supplies did not change.

Then came a panic. A few weeks before the invasion forces were due to land in Europe, 2,000 giving sets were sent out

to Italy to the British Forces. Italian H.Q. and Eisenhower invasion headquarters in England. Each set was examined and retested before it was given to the invasion forces.

One doctor experimented and found that the artificial rubber of which they were made was faulty. They tried to patch them up with sticking plaster but it was not successful.

Frantic signals travelled between Italian H.Q. and Eisenhower invasion headquarters in England. Each set was examined and retested before it was given to the invasion forces.

And on D-Day, two blood transfusion units were on the beach at Arromanches at 11 plus five—five hours after the first assault troops had waded ashore.

They landed their specially water-proofed lorries from landing craft, and were towed to the beaches by amphibious "ducks." They each had 80 bottles of blood, 150 bottles of plasma and saline, and supplies of penicillin.

The beachhead was half a mile deep. On the sand, wounded men were lying on stretchers. There were special clips on the stretchers to hold the transfusion bottles. If these were not available, orderlies stuck sticks in the sand and hung the bottles on them.

There were two doctors to each unit, instead of the usual one. If one was killed or wounded, the unit could still carry on.

The orderlies did most of the transfusions. They had done it so often they were more nimble with the needle than most doctors.

While this was happening on the beach, the airborne troops who landed behind the main forces had their own transfusion units, who dropped with them.

Unbroken

BLOOD was dropped to them in kapok-lined wicker baskets containing six bottles. Not one bottle was broken. Paratrooper transfusion men found some gravel pits where they were able to give men blood under shell fire.

Sixteen days after the invasion, in a field near Bayeux, the whole blood bank was assembled, with its refrigerated lorries. Every day, Dakotas took off from Filton airfield, near Bristol, with fresh supplies.

As the armies advanced across France into Germany, planes flew right behind the front lines loaded with blood.

The organisation never faltered. In fog grounded the planes, speedboats were under stand-by orders at Southampton to dash across the Channel with the day's supply.

Every soldier and airman knew the "vampire vans" as they sithered along muddy lanes or dusty tracks in heavy convoys without being told, would pull over to give them priority on the choked, fire-swept roads. They knew their contents meant the difference between life and death to wounded men.

Last 'Bank'

THE average transfusion to each wounded man was four pints. And in the battles of Northwest Europe, 121,000 transfusions were given from D-Day until the end of the war.

Then one day in 1945, Buttle and his trucks clattered down a cobble street in Brussels. They stopped before a disused chocolate factory which was to be their last blood bank.

Buttle wiped his brow as he gave the order to start unloading his refrigerators. It was the end of the road.

They had come a long way since the night of the dinner in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

NEXT WEEK
The man Hitler didn't want

One who suffered at their hands speaks his mind on the subject of the Japanese males

JAP WOMENFOLK ARE INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO THEIR MEN

By Donald Bruce

WHEN Japan shambled to shabby ruin in the brightness of August 1945, an age had already died with the flames that had destroyed most of Tokyo and had wiped out the whole of Yokohama in three dreadful fiery hours.

Months before, as a POW in Tokyo, I had seen an orange ring of death, fashioned by 500 B29's on the gusty night of March 10. (Japs still talk about this fearsome night with awe) tear out huge chunks of the capital, shattering the myth of the inviolability of the sacred isles.

An age and an outlook perished in the leaping fires. The burnt-out Japs wanted answers to burning questions: How about this DIVINE WIND that was supposed to blow when the country was threatened; why hasn't the EMPEROR saved us; and how about the GODS that protect Japan?

The Wind hadn't a puff, the Emperor hadn't a clue, and the Gods had failed the nation.

BUNGLER & BUNGLER

When the end came the country was ripe for a revolution in ideas, values, and a new way of life. But the Allies came in and started up business as Bungler, Bungler and Co., Unlimited. They've been doing it ever since.

They stripped the Emperor of his divinity, for instance, yet kept the wee man in office as head of the nation. They sent him around factories and had him pictured beside place-workers to show how democratic he really was. But it's a two-edged weapon. Today Emperor worship, the most subtle poison of all, is stronger than ever.

We abolished Shintoism, the State dope that says die for the Emperor, boy, and like it. But we kept the symbol of it.

GUNS AND TANKS

We said: No more war for you. We'll change the Constitution to say so. And we did. We outlawed war for the Japs and arms for the Japs. Now, a few years later, we're giving them tanks and guns and planes for their own protection. And if they tear up the new Constitution and go back to the old one sooner than you think, we've only ourselves to blame. We've proved the biggest soft marks in history.

The armed forces are on the way back. The export boys have already bitten into foreign markets.

But when prisoners of war, whom they treated so shamefully, asked a couple of years ago for a "don-

tion" from the Japanese Government to atone partially for this shamefulness, the answer was short and sweet: "So sorry, but the honourable cash is honourably short."

REAL HOPE

We've done only one really good thing in Japan. We've freed women from the chains of centuries of feudalism. Madame Butterfly has got her wings back and, for my yen, she remains the real hope of Japan.

If the day ever comes when women run the War Office, the Foreign Office, and rule the Diet building in Tokyo, you won't get a moan from me.

They are a race apart from men. They are the day that follows the night, the perfume versus the smell.

They are the other side of a cruel race in war—tender, gracious, polite, obsequious, by the very nature of the prewar feudalistic setup between the sexes.

FREE NOW

Once she walked behind her husband. Once she called him My Lord and Master. Once she couldn't get a divorce from him, even if the fat slob brought home a bunch of drunken prostitutes and ordered her to sleep with them.

for them all and wait at the table.

Now she can clear out, bag and baggage, kimono and clogs, thumb her nose at him, and tell him to go to hell.

For my yen again, that's a good thing—for Japan. Sumiko So Mishima, for instance, an American-educated Japanese woman, tells in her just published "The Broader Way" (Collins, 13/6) of the amazement the ordinary woman (but not Sumiko, who knew better) felt when G.I. Joe first came to town with candy, courtesy, and good old American hospitality.

Courtesy towards women? Unheard of. It was the talk of the bath-house. Well, for land's sake, Suzuki-san, he . . .

GOOD PEOPLE

There wasn't an Irma Grese in Japan in wartime. The women alone retained their hatred of war and their politeness, even to prisoners. Some of them, in fact, risked their

lives to bring them food. They were good people.

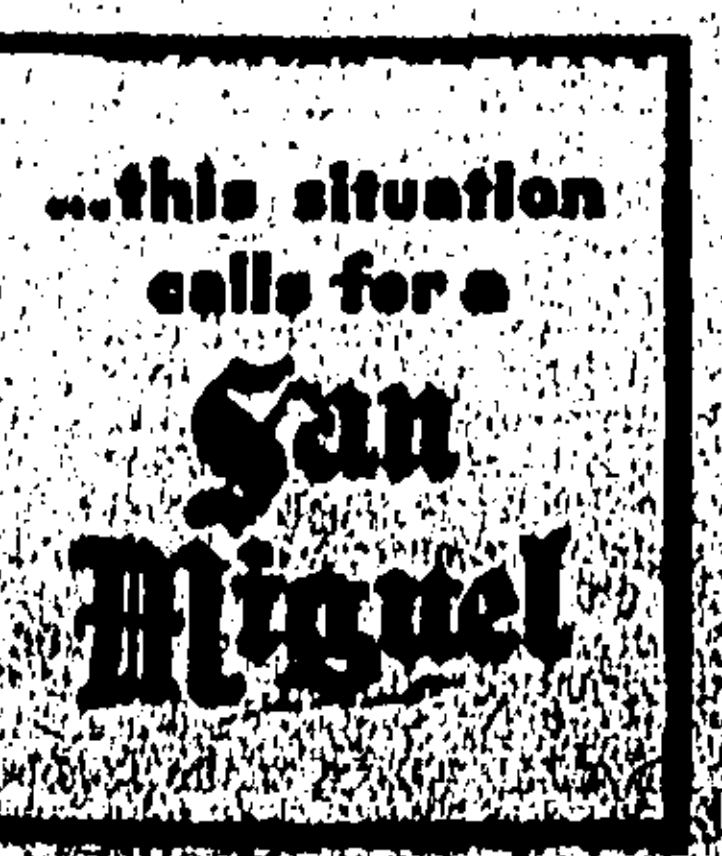
Their only "crime" was that they had to spawn such shockers as Tojo the Toeing and Hirota the Head Case.

Women should have been encouraged more by the Allies to take office and jump ahead in the government of Japan. Maybe it's not too late. Their new-found freedom could be a wonderful spur to a country to lose its cruelty and its warlike nature.

They've taken immense strides since the war. Maybe they're "wearing the trousers" now, too. I HOPE SO. Because if women's influences are not developed to provide the brake that will be needed before long in Japan, we'll be hearing more and more about the military cliques, who took to the woods, with phials, in 1945, but who are now back in town with flares and waiting to cut their way back into power.

And if you're not alarmed by that possibility, I am. So, I hope, are the women of Japan, clip-clopping along the Giza of Tokyo like mystics, or saviours.

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A preview of the various versions of tennis clothes you'll be seeing this summer on the glamour girls

Skirts, Dresses Are In!

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

THE tennis season gets cracking in earnest. Lawns are being mown and hard courts rolled.

All over the country the tennis girls—from the Wightman Cup players to the local rabbits—will be binging away at the one and only woman's game which is easy on the eye.

There's big news in the clothes they will wear.

★ ★ ★

ON THE WAY OUT: The very short skirts of the past few years.

ON THE WAY IN: Short, feminine skirts, sometimes with a blouse or sweater, sometimes short-skirted dresses all in one piece.

SKIRTS stop three to five inches above the knee and there are several shapes. Biggest news is the wool and Terylene skirt which is permanently pleated and utterly washable (see it in the ad picture).

It is marvelously becoming, but not and short enough for the most serious player. There are box-pleated and accordion-pleated varieties, neither expensive considering what value you get.

DRESSES are short and feminine, mostly sleeveless. Necklines vary from the classic shirt neck to low cut-out necks for determined glamour girls. There is quite a lot of detail on some dresses, from scalloping to stiffened hems.

The fabrics are modern labour-savers like Everglaze cotton or permanently pleated sharkskin.

SHIRTS are universally sleeveless—in fact, more blouse than shirt—in poplin or pique. Mesh cotton sweaters are the other choice and they are very cheap.

PULLOVERS for wearing after play are big and bulky: loose thick cardigans or fishermen's jackets.

★ ★ ★

You'll see this new short-skirt fashion on the top-line courts as well as at the local clubs. Even the best of the American girls—even Little Miss, who gives nothing away to vanity—are switching to skirts.

Wightman Cup player Ann Shilcock will wear dresses consistently for matches, keeping shorts for practice.

"No frilly or that sort of nonsense," she told me, "but still, dresses every time, tailored and short. All the men now wear very short shorts, and I think it's a pity for us to wear exactly the same."

One of the prettiest of our younger players, Lorna Cornell, agrees. She has a wardrobe of new dresses with fitted sleeveless bodices and short ballet skirts.

Old Time Stunt Still Good

Girls who care enough to keep slim figures are scornful of heavyweights who won't diet and exercise pounds away.

Feminine shapes won't stay young in appearance unless the musculature is kept firm and resilient. This calls for muscle activity. Just talking doesn't help. Action is the thing. Every woman should have enough pride in appearance to keep her silhouette attractive.

Outdoor activities, of course, are more enjoyable than calisthenics. They not only clear the lungs of stagnant air and make you feel peppy. They improve the complexion. In the summer, there are plenty of outdoor exercise opportunities.

Career girls, especially typists and desk workers, are most in need of exercise. If they can't do anything else, they should find time for a short, brisk walk every day.

The best time for the home workout is just before a bath. Surely, even the busiest girl can spare ten minutes for this. It is insurance against that dreadful day when, because of extra weight, one must wear frocks a size larger.

The old time stunt of touching the floor with the fingers, with-out bending the knees, is still good. Raise hands high, lift on the toes, bend, touch the floor, up on the toes again. Then up, up, up.

HILTON POLLETT

THE BOUQUET GOES TO THE PARENTS

ARE your children, I wonder, as fond of company as mine? I had that most modern children are born mixers. They adore anything in the shape of a party, from a slap-up birthday binge down to an elderly great-uncle coming to tea.

I remember vividly how, when I was a child, every party was blighted by anticipatory nerves. On the doorstep you were sure you had come to the wrong house, or on the wrong day. Was your dress becoming? Were your clothes safe?

But these kids have no social nerves at all. They frequently do come on the wrong day, but they laugh it off cheerily and say can they stay just the same—what luck to get the party twice!

Not do I find them in the least blasé or spoiled. John, James, and Sally have come to tea as a typical 4 o'clock announcement. "They say they don't mind if there's no cake, they just want to come."

Usually I let them. But if I don't want company, I show them off and there's no embarrassment on either side.

I admire the way these children have come to terms with each other and with grown-ups. Or maybe it's us I admire. Can we—much-abused modern parents—be doing something for a change?

HOW TO SPOT A CAREER WOMAN

"HOW I hate real, dyed-in-the-wool career girls," someone said to me the other day. It was film producer and script writer Jill Craigie, wife of Michael Foot, M.P.

"How I hate them, too," said career girl Scott-James to career girl Craigie. We agreed that the tough, stick-at-nothing professional woman—whether M.P., journalist, doctor, magistrate, head waitress or—sent shivers down our spines. (We started by being discreet, but, of course, we ended by mentioning a name or two.)

Jill Craigie, who is pretty and feminine herself, as well as successful, has gone so far as to formulate the Five Trade Marks of the True Career Woman.



1. THE DRESS: A one-piece of knitted white sharkskin, permanently pleated, well cut, sleeveless, tailored. From Lillywhites.



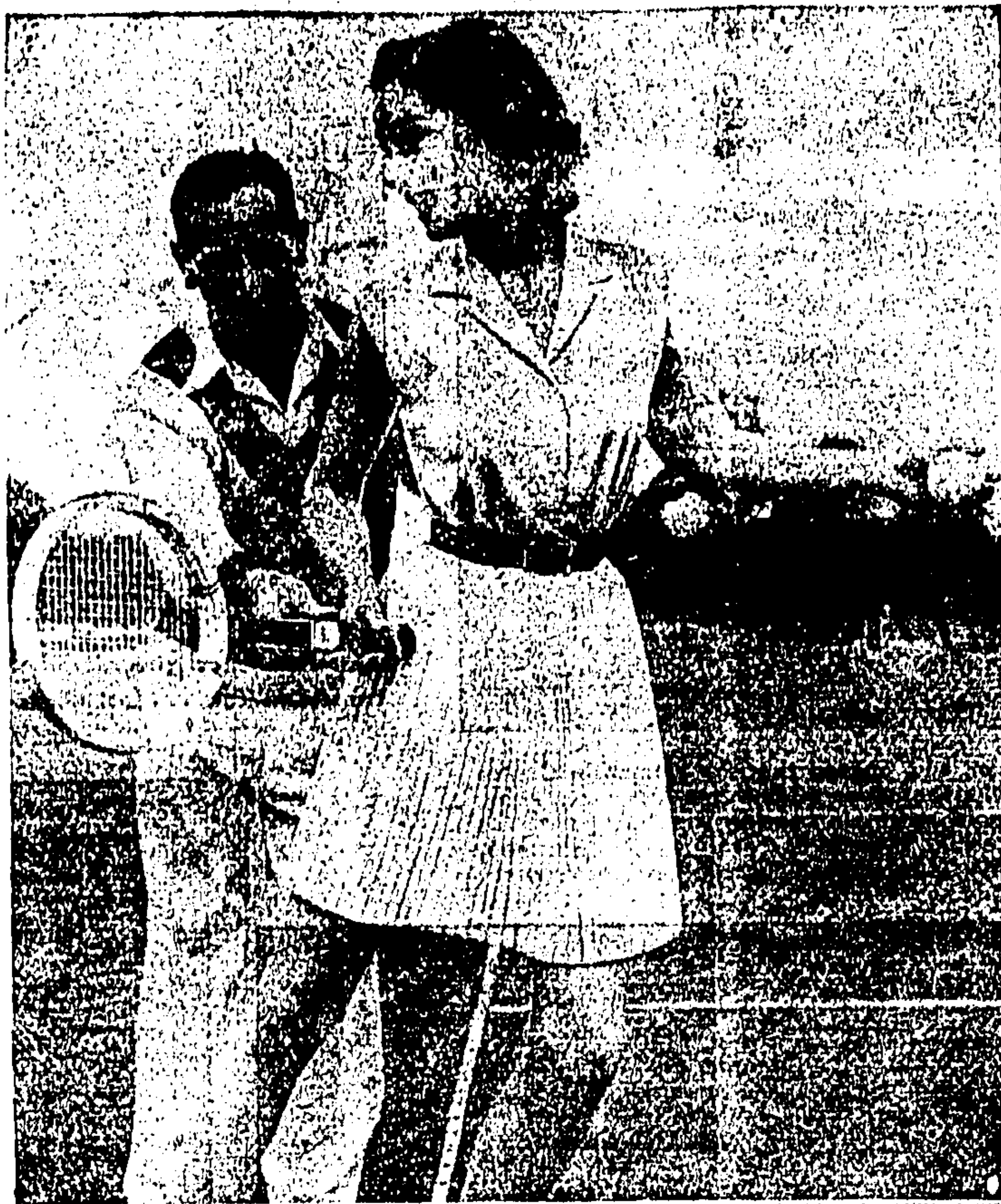
2. THE FLARED SKIRT: Of fine wool with rubber stripes inside the waistband. With it, a sweater top and a thick white cardigan to a pull on after playing.



3. THE PLEATED SKIRT: Out in heat box pleats and worn with one of the mesh cotton sweaters which are the alternative to a tuck-in blouse.



4. THE TENNIS SWEATER: A husky double-breasted jacket in bright tangerine-coloured wool, with brass buttons. Worn with a box-pleated skirt.



THIS IS IT—The 1954 Look for the tennis courts. The skirt is permanently accordion-pleated in a mixture of wool and Terylene. The top is sleeveless, tailored, and as simple as possible, here in white pique. Both from Harrods. She joins them with a tailored leather belt.

PICTURED BY DAVID OLINS.

She uses sex to further her career. She switches charm on and off like a tap—you can see her smiling and laughing with someone she wants to get on with, and as soon as that person has gone, everything snags.

She rams technical language down your throat. (e.g. the woman doctor who talks in scientific words of five syllables.) She tells you the story of her rise to fame at the first meeting. At the end of one lunch, you know every step in her career—but she still doesn't know what you do for a living.

She is over-competitive with her husband, carrying every remark he makes—and always at the wrong moment.

She is either frightfully dressed up (e.g. store buyers, fashion journalists) or frightfully untidy (e.g. doctors).

So watch out, you women with jobs. It seems we've got to steer a narrow course between aggressiveness and inefficiency.

THE UP-AND-COMING COLOUR: CORAL

NEW colour combination for summer: wonderful with a sun-tanned skin: coral and white. I've seen in the shops...

Spiky coral jewellery single or triple-strand necklaces in a rich colour and with a lot of spikes.

A coral cartwheel in Italian straw with a lace straw brim.

A coral linen shirt with short, well-cut sleeves.

A coral stole, large and circular, to wear on holiday or as a summer evening wrap.

Coral sweater scarves in silk foulard printed with small flowers or spots.

A coral cardigan, fisherman knit, with deep raglan sleeves.

A new coral pink lipstick in a pink and gold striped case.

But to give coral its true flavour of sea and sunshine, you MUST set it off by wearing it with white.

Are You Married To A Bachelor?

By Eileen Ascroft

PITY the wife who married to a bachelor.

I met one recently and began to understand what blonde Zsa Zsa Gabor meant when she wept in a Santa Monica divorce court early last month: "My husband, George Sanders, is a born bachelor."

Mr Sanders took his bachelorhood to extremes. He even kept on a separate apartment, and entertained his friends there, and if he travelled abroad he liked to go alone because having a wife along would "spoil his fun."

Now this took place in Hollywood where the marriage pattern is crazier than elsewhere. But there are many husbands in less glamorous parts who still cling to the selfishness of their bachelor existence although they are anxious to enjoy the ples, slippers and pullovers of married life.

I...Not We

Like the husband I met recently. Before his marriage he used to spend every weekend golfing with his male friends. He still does. It just never occurred to him that he should change his bachelor ways and share his weekend leisure with his wife.

She's taken golf lessons herself and now plays a fair game, but her husband refuses to break up his old four.

On Saturday evenings he has a fixed date to play billiards. On Sunday it's darts. He sees no reason to change his ways. He expects his wife to stay home with the mending or go to the pictures with her mother.

"What can I do?" says the wife plaintively. He's not unfaithful, he's not cruel, he's always polite. It's just that he treats me more like his housekeeper than his wife. He still thinks of himself as I instead of We.

There are other husbands who cling to their bachelor days in a hundred small ways.

The man who sends flowers to wives of business acquaintances or female relations and includes a card from himself, not mentioning his wife. The man who blithely accepts an invitation for himself, irrespective of whether his wife can come or not. The man who plans an outdoor sporting holiday with his friends and expects his wife to take the children to the sea.

Right Here!

And it's the eternal bachelor in the male that always blames the wife for bad behaviour in his children. "Can't you keep those children quiet?" he complains when he's trying to read, and it never dawns on him that table manners in the nursery can be a joint concern.

He wouldn't dream of changing the baby, answering the doorbell, going out for a loaf of bread or clearing the washing up. He's never cooked a meal, sown a button on a shirt, or spanked the children, and if his wife becomes ill he just rings up her mother.

No, the bachelor husband in his extreme form may exist only in Hollywood. But milder types frequently dwell right here on our own doorsteps.

Colours Used to Change Size of Room

Chicago. An expert on colour says it can be used to change the size and structure of a room.

"In cases where there is a structural jog in the wall, a dark colour which will absorb light will cut the shadows to a minimum," said Margaret Hutchinson, colour authority. (Martin-Samuel Paint Co.).

High ceilings found in older homes can be made to look lower by painting them a darker colour and by painting the base board the same colour as the floor, she said.

"Conversely, light coloured ceilings coupled with medium toned walls will give the appearance of raising a low ceiling," she said.

Walls broken by doors and windows may be "united" by painting the door and window frames the same colour as the walls.

In a narrow hallway, contrasting colours can be used on opposite walls to give a roomier effect.

"There are several ways to make a long, narrow room look shorter and wider," she said. "Darker warmer colours such as brown or terra cotta can be used to make walls appear heavier to make them look shorter. Cooler colours can make walls appear more distant."—United Press.

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How to Budget Your Calories to Increase Energy As You Lose Weight

By IDA JEAN KAIN

THE calorie role in the reducing story fascinates overweighters, for calorie subtraction sends the pointer on the scales downward. However, while calories are a measure of fuel, they do not measure the quality of the diet. To insure a feeling of well being as weight is lost, the nutrition essentials must be included daily, even though the calories are cut to 1,000 or 1,200 daily.

Many questions come in to this department. Some of you ask: if it would be all right to reduce on favourite desserts so long as you do not exceed your reducing calories. Others ask the dietitian to make it clear just what the dangers are in reducing. So

let's do some straight thinking. If you figure that because you have considerable fat to draw on for fuel, it matters little what you eat so long as you keep within your calories, you are reasoning from a false premise for the body does not run on fuel alone. Even the well nourished body does not have an effective reserve of proteins, minerals and vitamins to draw on since these materials are not stored up in the extra pounds of body fat.

The danger in reducing lies in leaving out the protective nutrients needed to make good, healthy and long-lived. Daily your appetite, but fail to include the foods which provide the

essential nutrients, you will draw on your own vital tissues and that is a tearing down process.

There is only one safe reducing diet, and that is to build your daily menus around these protective foods: Eggs, 2 or 3 milk, skim milk or buttermilk, 3 glasses, or one glass and an ounce of cheese; a liberal serving of lean meat, fish or fowl; a green leafy or deep yellow vegetable; plus one or two other cooked vegetables; a fur coat, there would be none left to pay the rent and buy the groceries. On a limited calorie budget of 1,000 to 1,200 daily, if you spend 100 on fat, rich meats and foods which please the palate, but fail to include the foods which provide the

essential nutrients, you will draw on your own vital tissues and that is a tearing down process.

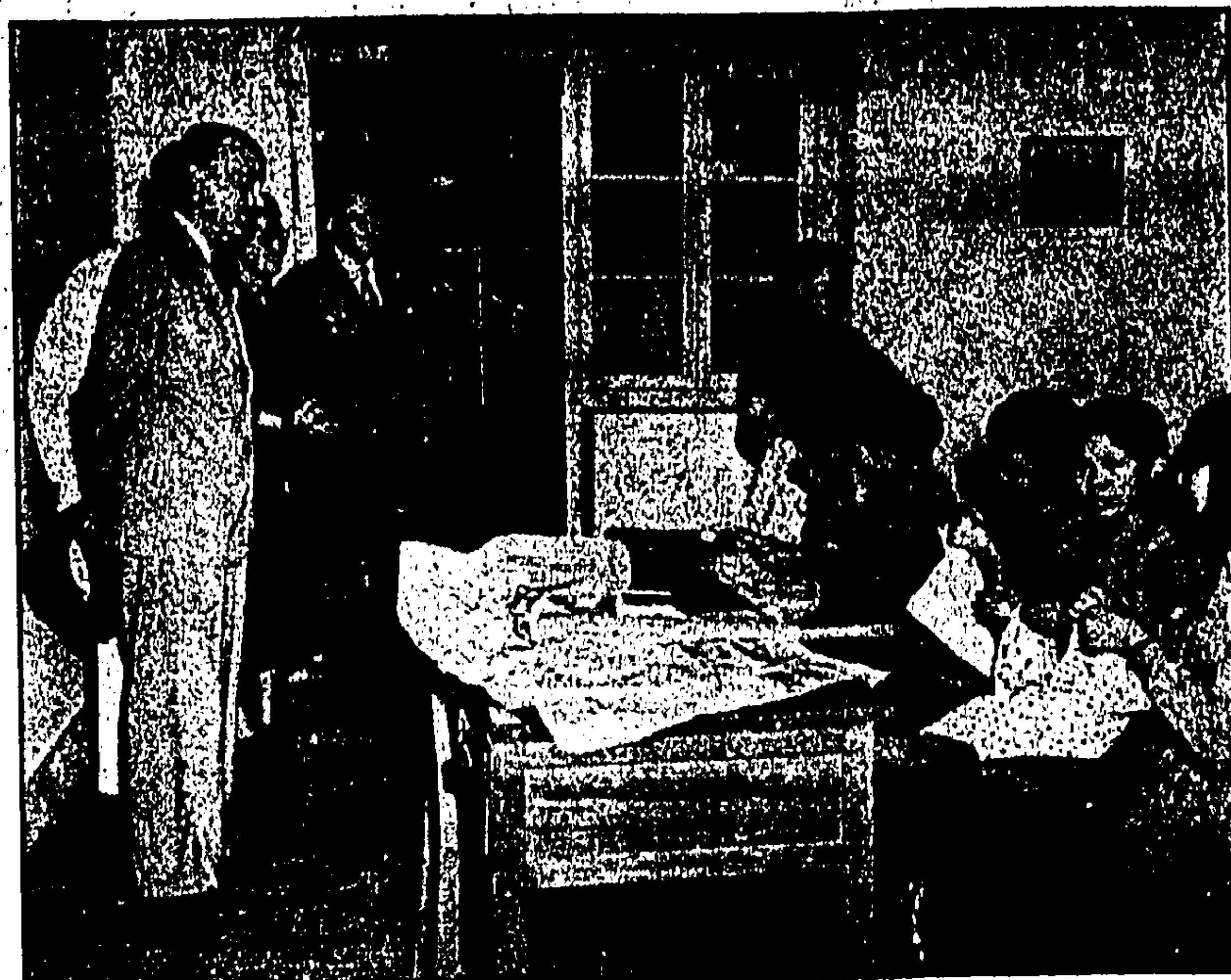
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TWO well-known Portuguese families were united in marriage last week when Miss Sylvia Regina Barretto became the bride of Mr Eduardo Maria Ribeiro. The wedding took place at the Rosary Church. (Ming Yuen)



MRS R. Johannessen, who opened the new Homuntin Centre of the Society for the Protection of Children last week, being presented with a gold scarf pin bearing the emblem of the Society by Mrs I. Lowary, General Secretary. The Chairman, Dr Lee Hah-liang, is in centre. (Staff Photographer)



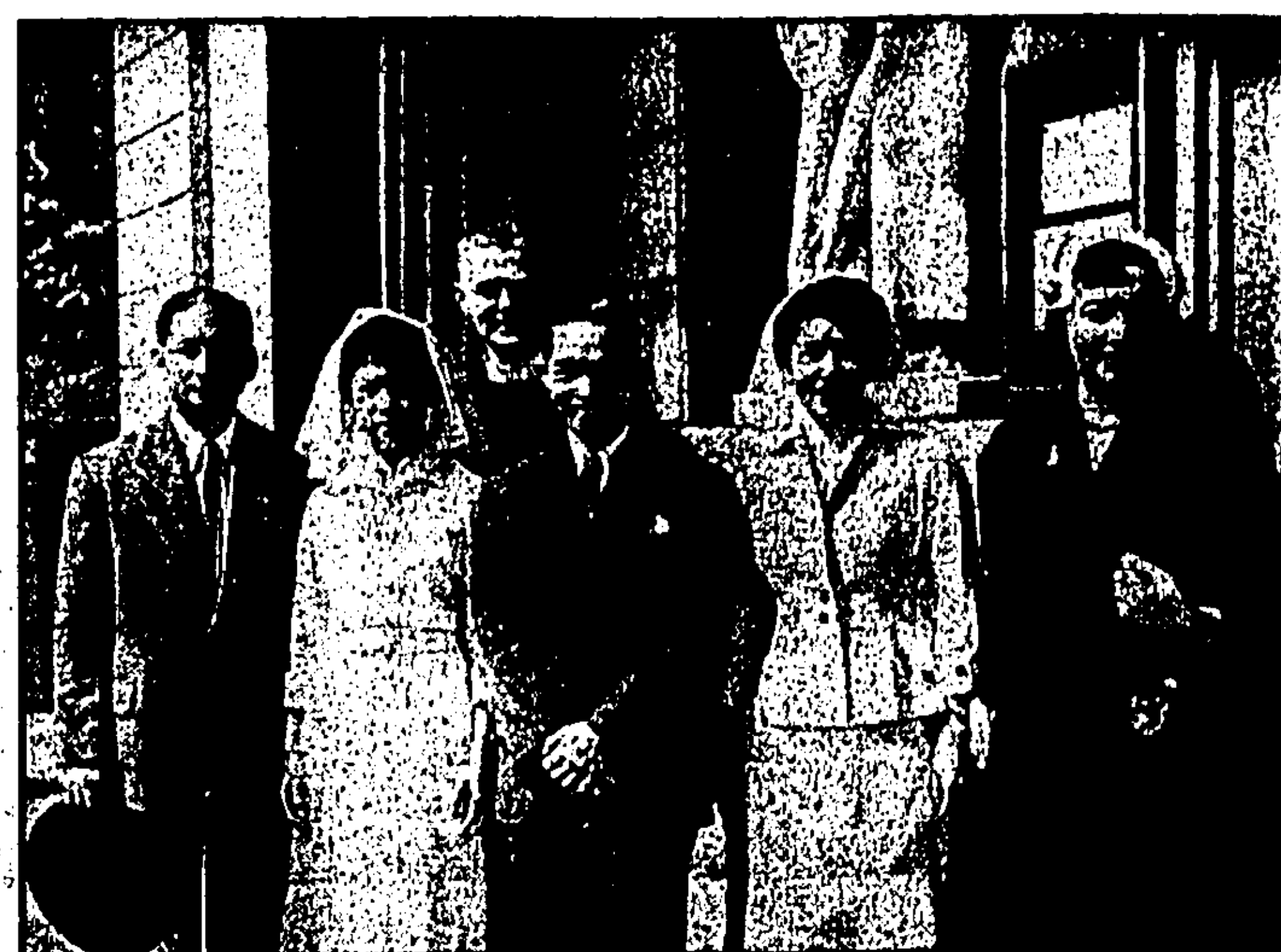
HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited several social welfare centres in Kowloon last week. Here he is seen watching the work at the Yaumatei Boys' and Girls' Club. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Hilary Lois Elizabeth, infant daughter of F. O. K. W. Martin and Mrs Martin. The christening took place at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. (Ming Yuen)



MR J. H. Saunders, President of the International Youth Group, who is going on home leave, is presented with a going-away present by the Secretary of the group, Mr Pritham Singh. (Staff Photographer)



MR Alfred Ho, Secretary of the Wah Kiu Yat Po, Ltd., and his family were recently admitted into the Catholic Church. Photo taken after the baptism ceremony at St Margaret's Church shows, left to right: Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, Miss Edwina Gwendolyn Ho, the Rev. T. F. Doody, Mr Alfred Ho, Mrs Ho and Mrs Rodrigues.



RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs J. Stuart at the christening of their daughter, Barbara, at St Stephen's College Chapel. (Ming Yuen)



MR Yeung Wing-hong, re-elected Chairman of the Happy Valley and Canal Road Kalfong Welfare and Advancement Association, speaking at the fourth annual meeting of the Association last week. (Staff Photographer)



COLONEL J. D. Clague, leader of the Hongkong delegation to the British Industries Fair, snapped with Mrs Clague and their children at Kai Tak Airport before departing for London early this week. (Staff Photographer)



LEAVING St Teresa's Church after their wedding there last week are Mr Francisco Pedro Gomes and the former Miss Natercia Nuno de Resa Branco. (Staff Photographer)

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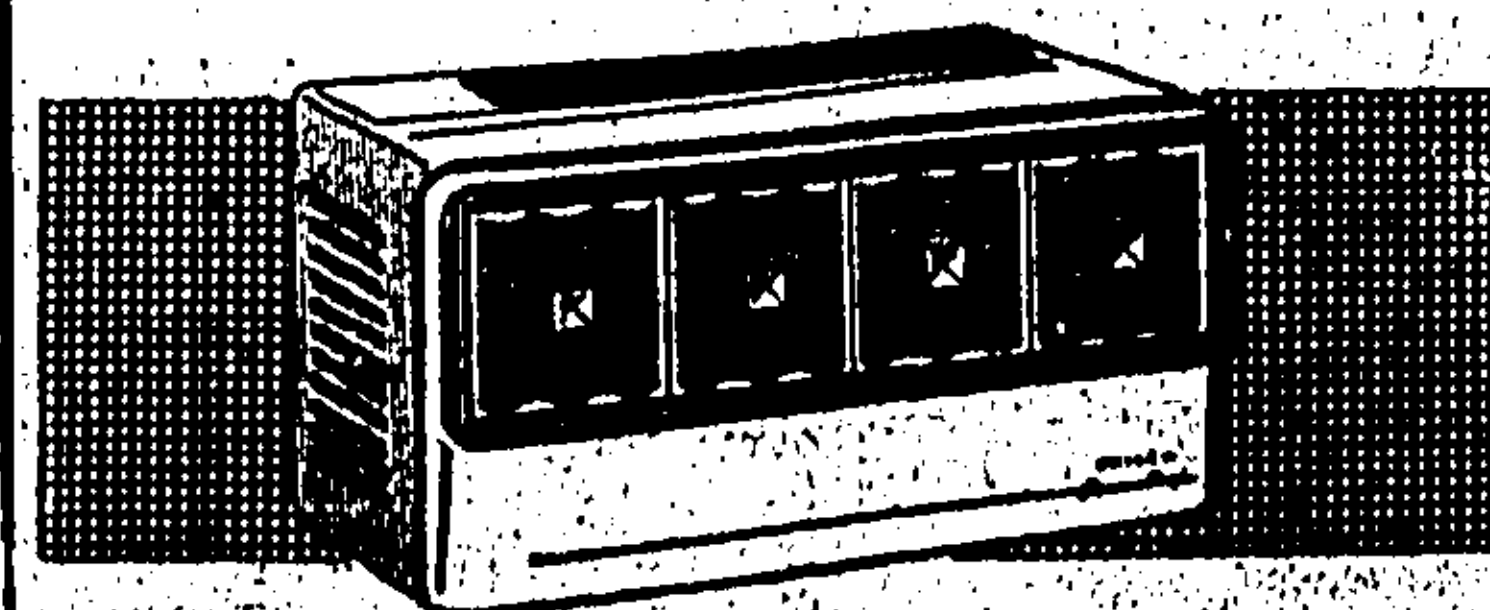
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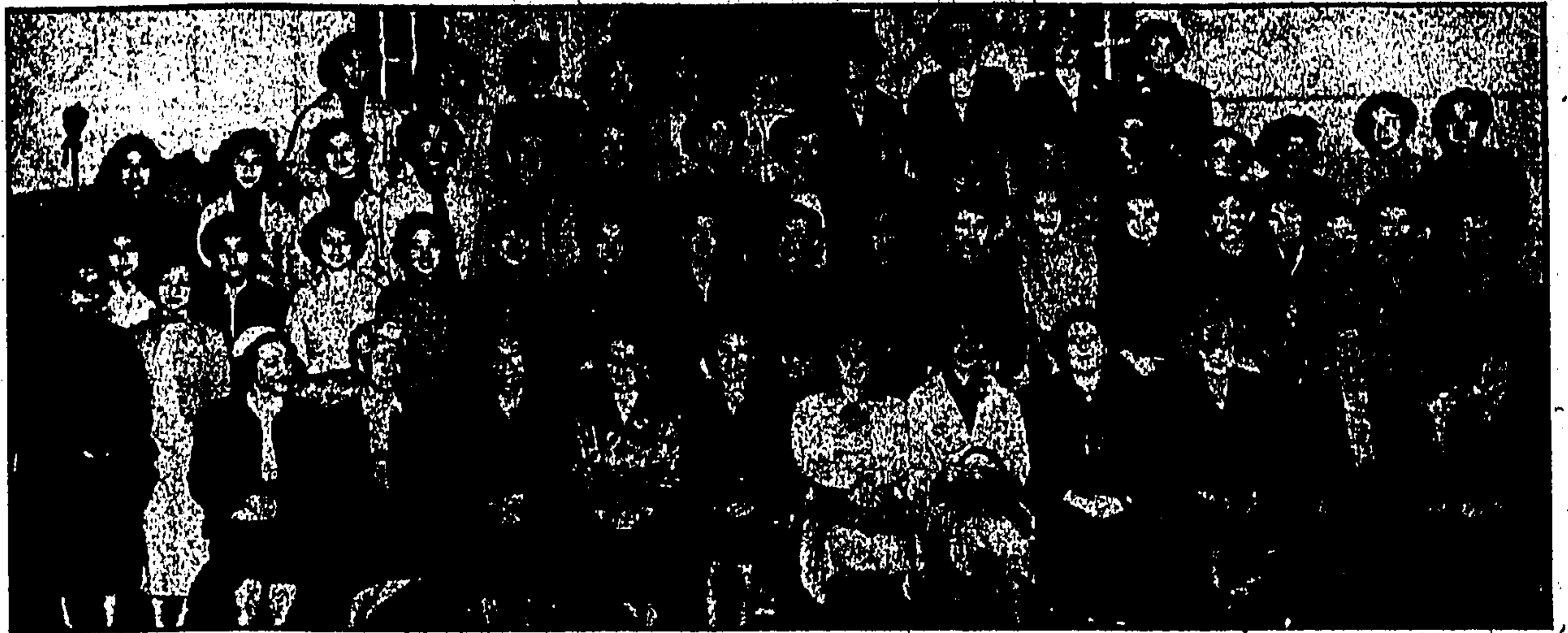


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MRS J. L. Marden, wife of the Right Worshipful Master of Lodge Eastern Scotia, stabs the haggis at the annual Ladies' Festival of the Lodge held at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club last week. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the annual reunion of the Diocesan Old Girls' Association, held at the Diocesan Girls' School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr John Backhouse Lambert and Miss Claire Marguerite Robertson Hunter photographed with their attendants after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



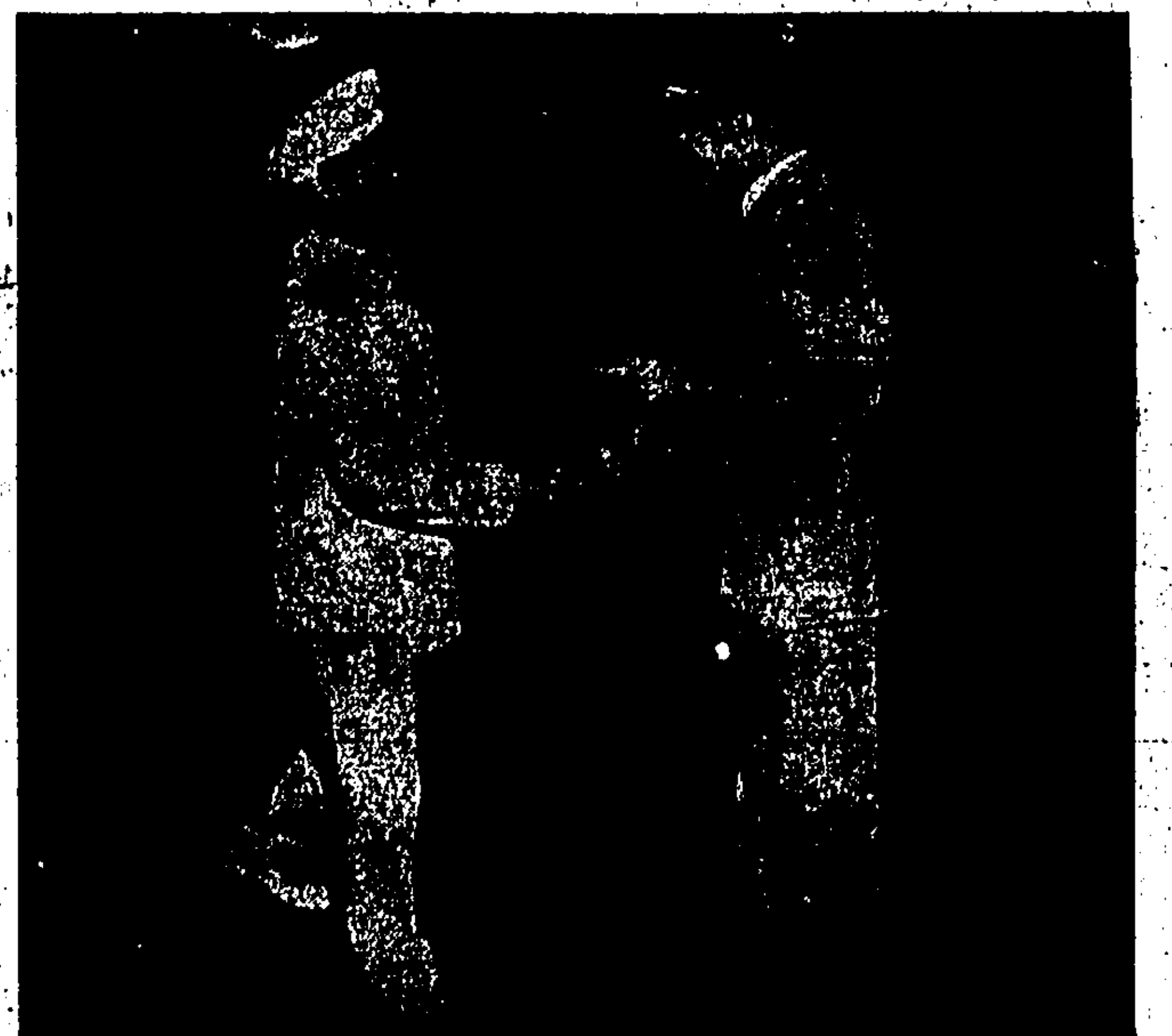
FATHER F. Shak, who opened the Sacred Heart School bazaar last Sunday, visits one of the many attractive stalls. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts giving a demonstration of formation bicycle riding at the annual St George's Day Scout Rally at Happy Valley. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. George She, shaking hands with members of the St John's Cathedral congregation who feted him at a farewell tea party on Thursday. Mr She, formerly Cathedral Chaplain, is to become Headmaster of the Diocesan Boys' School. (Staff Photographer)



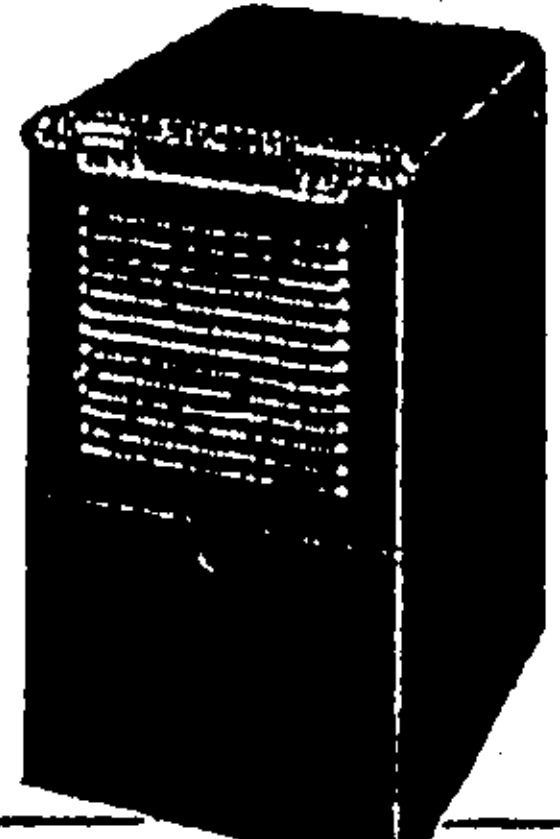
RIGHT: Mr A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police, welcoming Macao's Police Commissioner, Capt. Julio Augusto da Cruz, who arrived for a short visit on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

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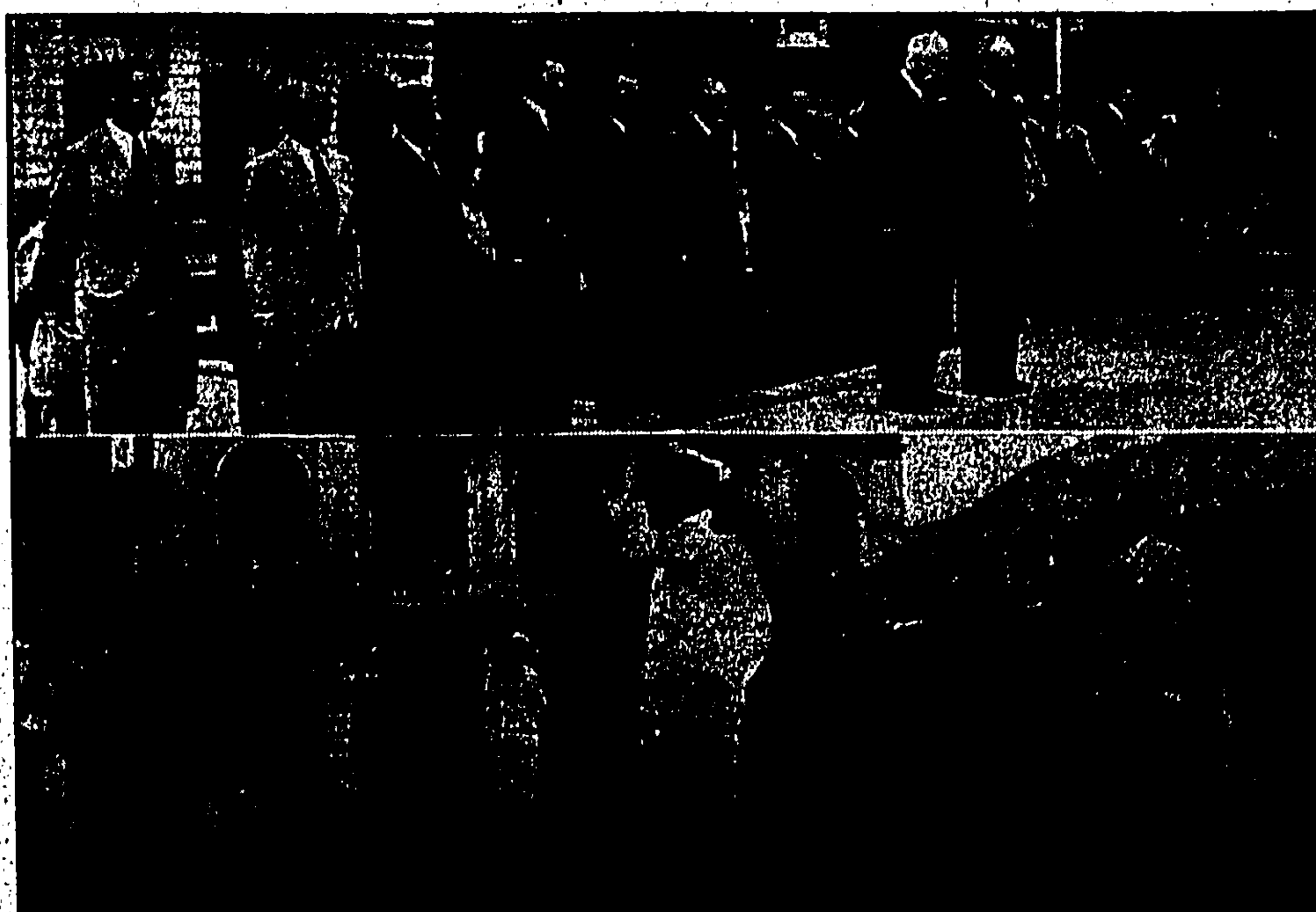
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TWO wrestling ceremonies at the Canotaph within a week. Top picture shows members of St George's Society at the wrestling on St George's Day. Lower picture was taken at the Annet Day ceremony last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

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Children's Healthy Imagination Should Not Be Thwarted

By W.W. BAUER, M.D.

CHILD growth and development proceeds along a fairly definite pattern according to age. But it is not uniform for all children, nor are the stages clearly differentiated. They overlap. What may be normal for one child may not be for another. Comparisons between children are fallacious and can lead only to unhappiness.

The baby begins with more or less simple feelings and reactions. He knows when he is too cold or too warm, when he is wet or soiled, and when something hurts—inside like colic or outside like a pin. He also has a fear of loud noises, and of falling or loss of support. He has a need for sucking—if not the breast, then a substitute. And he senses love or rejection.

Happy Atmosphere

Before the child can imitate words and actions, a calm, serene and happy home atmosphere is essential at this time if his personality is to be that of a secure and well-integrated person. He learns by example about truth and

trustworthiness, good vs. bad temper, kindness, tolerance and consideration. He learns also to be courageous.

A little later he begins to learn skills—feeding himself, drinking from a cup, playing with simple toys, walking, talking, putting on his clothing (usually by dress). He gets into trouble. He is thankful that he does. The child who has no trouble is not normal, and may suffer from retardation or from psychological problems. "Getting into things" is the way the child has of finding out about things.

Adjusts to Life

He emerges soon into the stage of getting along with other people. This is not natural to him. He has been the centre of things all his life—not just since birth, since conception. He likes it that way. Selfishness is of normal and inevitable. Of course, it must be overcome, but too much should not be expected of the young child. He is not yet an adult, and perhaps we might ponder at this point why well adults have mastered the kind of unselfishness that not only means giving up some cherished thing, but doing so cheerfully and when nobody is looking.

Adjustment to the group comes easiest to the child who has been secure and happy in the home environment, without being over-spoiled or made to

feel his own importance too soon.

The young child invents imaginary playmates, and constructs a whole world of fantasy around them. He "becomes" somebody else—Captain Video maybe or Superman—and this goes beyond pretence. He genuinely identifies himself with the character. He may tell enormous fabrications, but these are not lies in the usual sense. They constitute romancing, and indicate imagination. Within reasonable limits, they are the mark of a healthy child with an active mind. Only when they tend to become his sole recourse in meeting life, interfering with normal adjustment, should they cause concern. They are not, even then, to be attacked by stern punishment or reprimand. Such methods are construed by the child, not as an attack upon his difficulties, but upon him. Professional help may be needed at this time from a child guidance expert or a psychiatrist.

Rare Privilege

Sometimes a life's career is decided quite early in life, like the boy who was always drawing, and whose parents gave him every opportunity to exercise this talent, without ever forcing him. He is now well on the way to becoming a promising artist. On the other hand, the boys who used to want to be policemen, firemen and street car conductors, now reflect the spirit of the times by showing desires to be aviators or space cadets. Watchful and helpful co-operation with these urges gives them opportunity to flower. If they are made of permanent stuff, or to die and be replaced if that is their fate, all without estrangement between parent and child, and without damage to the child's personality.

It is a rare privilege to watch the growth and development of a child. It is a great honour to contribute to the success of his life.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Save stale or left-over bread for use in puddings, instead of fresh bread.

A sewing tip—always cut nylon thread with scissors rather than attempting to break it by hand. This will prevent "pulled" seams and give a

clean-cut thread end which is easier to insert in the needle.

If you're in a rush to thaw frozen foods, place them in the air stream from an electric fan.

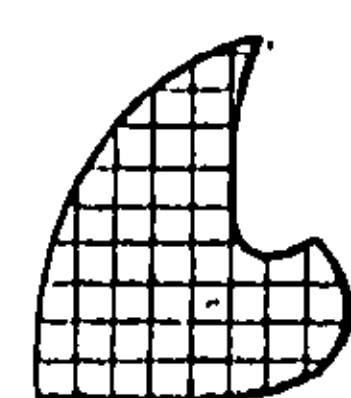
To prevent rust on broiler racks of your gas range, coat them with mineral oil.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SPRING HAT Here's A Bonnet You Can Make!



● It's a ballerina bonnet she made herself.

A NEW hat for spring? Make yourself this ballerina bonnet! You need 1/2 yd. of sparterie or medium buckram, millinery wire, white bias binding, and 2 or 3 bunches of daisies.



Place the pattern on the cross on to the sparterie and cut out. Repeat this for the other side. Make a flat seam down the middle, by placing one edge over the other, then cross stitching. Wire round the complete edge of the hat shape with double cotton in oversew stitch.

To achieve your natural head outline, push the sparterie into shape as you go along.

Now snip off the remaining wire and overlap the ends and sew together. Turn up a basin, cover with a cloth and put the hat on top. Press with a cool iron, slightly damping the cloth to shrink and flatten all the rucked edges. Iron without cloth until stig.

Finally, separate the petals of the daisies, and cover the hat with overlapping petals.

Spaghetti Dinners Don't Have To Be Fattening Fare

"MADAME, may I have your considered opinion?" asked the Chef. "Is or is not spaghetti a 'fattening' food?"

"That depends on the kind of spaghetti, the kind of sauce served with it and the amount eaten," I answered. "High-protein spaghetti contains from 20 to 35 per cent protein, and when combined with a sauce made with meat or fish and only a small amount of fat, contains about 240 calories for a generous serving of a main course dish—no more than an average serving of meat or fish with a potato."

High Protein Content

"A high proportion will be protein calories, that are less likely than starch calories to be stored as fat. When high-protein spaghetti is combined with an animal protein, such as meat, fish, eggs, milk or plenty of cheese, a complete protein balance is achieved. In other words, the animal protein supplies elements missing in the spaghetti."

"It is an easy matter to prepare good combinations. Madame. There is spaghetti escalloped with milk and cheese, or with a good sauce of clams or mussels; or baked in a casserole with tuna fish or salmon and tomato sauce."

The Chef "regarded" his waitline. "I am happy to know that by proper combination, I can still enjoy one of my favourite foods."

Dinner
Antipasto Plates
Spaghetti with Meat Sauce and Cheese
Asparagus Tips
Apple Sauce Cream
Gingerbread
Coffee
Tea
Milk
(All Measurements Are Level Unless Stated Otherwise)

Spaghetti with Meat Sauce: To 2 tsp. salad oil, add 1 tsp. sugar, 1/3 c. minced onion, 1 minced peeled onion, 1 minced green pepper. Sauté until the vegetables are soft but not browned. Then add 1/2 lb. chopped raw beef or equal parts beef, veal or pork. Sauté until beginning to brown, stirring often with a fork to break in small pieces. Mix 2 (8 oz.) tins tomato paste with 3 c. hot water and add with 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1/4 tsp. oregano. Simmer 30 min.

Spaghetti: Bring 4 c. water to a rapid boil. Add 1 tsp. salt and 1 (8 oz.) pkg. high protein spaghetti. Boil rapidly until most of the water is absorbed and the liquid has evaporated. Do not drain.

To Assemble: Add 1/2 the meat sauce and 1/2 c. grated Parmesan or American cheese to the cooked spaghetti. Top with the remaining sauce and more cheese.

Apple Sauce Cream: To 1 (No. 3) tin apple sauce, add 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon and 1/4 c. whipped cream, or use cream that comes in a container, prepared for whipping mechanically. Turn into dessert dishes and chill or freeze 30 min. Serve dusted with powder cinnamon.

Antipasto Plates: Arrange on individual plates, 1 plate bologna cut in half-moons, a big tablespoon cold sautéed green peppers, 1 square tomato slice and a mound of shredded lettuce, topped with French dressing, and topped with anchovy fillet or a sardine.

— Ida Bailey Allen

Floor As the Modern Decorating Theme

By ELEANOR ROSS

IT'S amazing to see how much emphasis there is on floors these days.

At a home furnishings show, a storeroom setting display or one of the new suburban housing developments, it's the floor that gets the attention, becoming a major decorating theme.

Great Variety

All sorts of plastics, new rubber, new cork and ceramic tiles, new rug materials in novel designs, floors of marble, of parquet or painted—we've seen them all lately, and they're very handsome indeed. Flower-strewn floors—that's what they look like—we've encountered often. It doesn't take an artist to do these, just a good hand with stencils. There are spattered floors, and for that matter, now there's spattered linoleum.

It's good to go into a room with downcast eyes these times, for there's no knowing what you may find underfoot. A new carpeting is handsomely carved or patterned in polka dots, stripes and, again, spattered flowers.

Nylon Carpeting

There are delightful clay tiles worked in the most beautiful patterns, and there are plain clay tiles set off by brilliantly hued rugs.

Nylon carpeting is getting better all the time. It is the star of a modern room in which everything else, draperies, upholstery, and curtains, are of the synthetic fibre.

Highlight of two showings was the floor of leather. But this doesn't seem very practical to us. We mention it just because of the trend to new floor ideas.

The new and more practical floorings, such as rubber, cork, vinyl and asphalt tiles, are enduring and lovely, and don't require too much care to stay

looking fresh and new, no matter what the traffic.

They take a good soap and water mopping, when a heavier cleaning job is necessary, as is often the case with an old installation. If soap and water fail to give required results, then steel wool may be used. For best results generally, rubber flooring should be cleaned with a vacuum or soft brush, and then buffed to produce a sheen. A light coat of a water-base, self-polishing wax may then be applied. But do not use a paste wax.

Ceramic Tile

Just about the easiest installation to maintain is the ceramic tile floor, especially when the tile is glazed. Such floors will withstand real beating. Liquid mop right up with a swish of a paper towel. A simple washing with soap, detergent or cleaner removes tracked-in dirt. The floor should be allowed to dry thoroughly before walking over it. Here, again, fine steel wool usually takes care of old stains or an accumulation of dirt. Cork tile floors come clean with a good vacuuming, and a polisher does a fine job on them. Self-polishing wax gives a nice patina, too. Cork flooring requires only an occasional soap and water application and should never be heavily scrubbed. Some of the new cork flooring we've seen has a sealed-in finish that is a protective coating, and reduces maintenance to a happy minimum of effort.

NOW YOU NEED THUMB

By W. P. MATTHEW

DOING any odd jobs about the house this spring? If so, here are a few tips you may find useful.

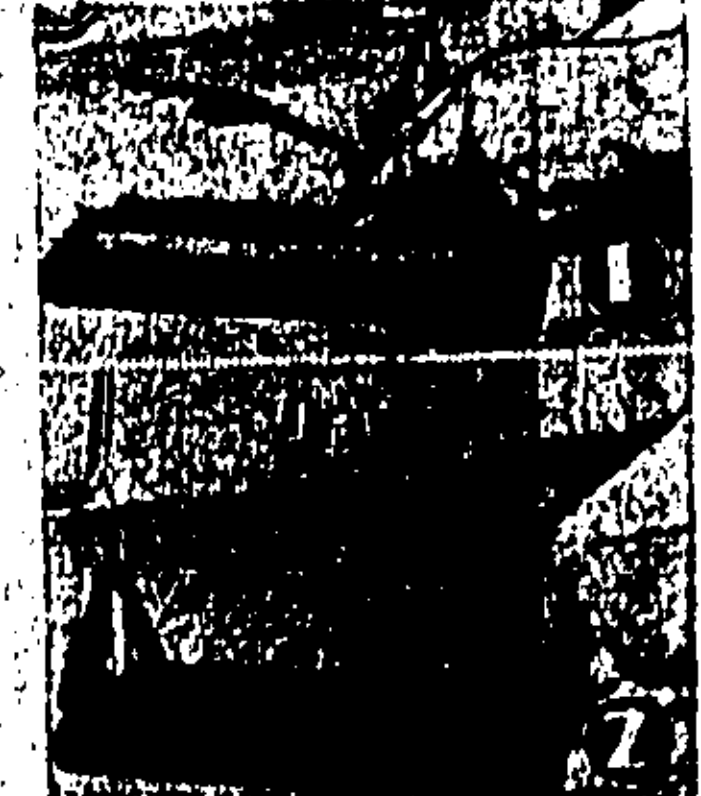
The pictures, taken in my workshop, will help to make them clear.

1 To sharpen an edge tool, lay it on the stone with the bevel flat to the surface. Raise the handle slightly so that the tool is in contact only at the extreme tip.

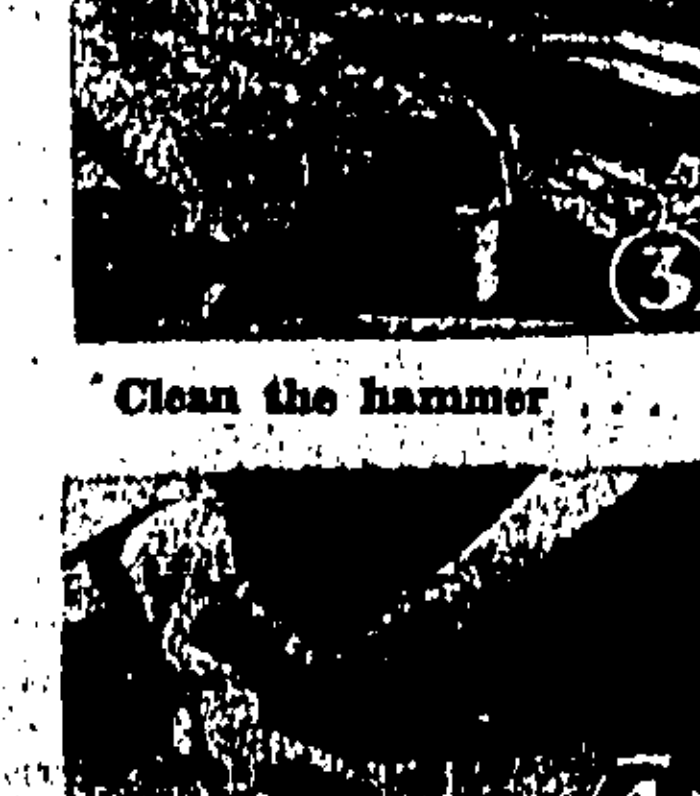
2 Remove the burr by placing the tool flat on the stone and giving it two or three strokes.

3 Notice the firm grip of my hands in this picture. It is essential that the tool end to end, using every part of the surface, should not be allowed to wobble.

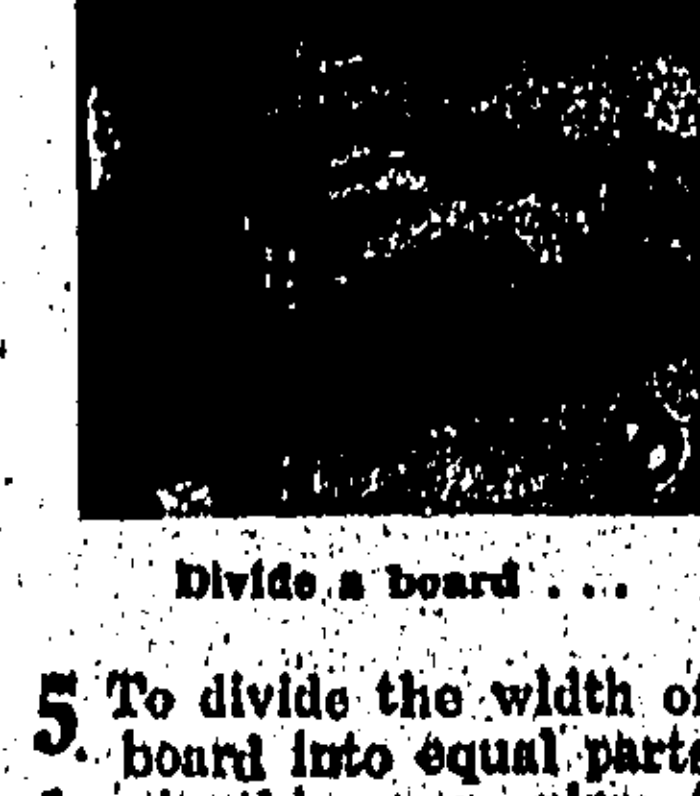
4 Continue until a scrubby, saw-grit, fine-grained, smooth, polished surface forms on the tip of the tool.



Keep a firm grip...



Use block of wood...



Divide a board...

5 To divide the width of a board into equal parts—five in this case—place the rule across the board, swivelling it until, with one end at one edge of the board, the figure 10 shows at the other.

6 Make a pencil mark at figure 10. Then, holding the rule across the board, swivelling it until, with one end at the other edge of the board, the figure 10 shows at the other edge. Make a pencil mark at figure 10. Repeat this process until the board is divided into five equal parts.

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Rome—Europe's Capital City

By JOHN WREN

THE newcomer's first impressions of Rome are of bustle, noise, prosperity, glittering chrome and neon next to two-thousand-year-old Roman architectural masterpieces.

Rome today is THE capital of Continental Europe. It is what Paris was between the world wars. Nowhere do you see such luxury window displays, the streets jammed with such sleek cars, many with high-priced, hand-built bodies.

Everywhere lavish new apartment houses are under construction; even at night work continues at full blast under floodlight.

Houses, shops, cinemas, restaurants are being torn down, and up go new ones in double quick time. Bars, shops, movie-houses are a lustrous of glass, chrome and fluorescent strip lighting.

Fine old churches have pastel blue neon signs over their main doors, spelling out—"Ave Maria."

On the streets one sees poorly-dressed people, beggars outside churches, and on the outskirts families living miserably in caves. But one's main impression is of razzle-dazzle boomtime.

★ ★ ★

As for the traffic in Rome! Everybody drives as if he were crazy. If there are any rules—no one seems to obey them.

It is the law of the jungle, every driver jockeying for best position. The smaller and slower are forced out by the faster, the bigger to the scream of brakes, crumpling of bodywork, shattering of glass.

Roman drivers in their super-acceleration cars reach sixty miles an hour in a matter of seconds in city streets—even if they do screech to a tyre-burning halt seconds later.

Add to the chaos tens of thousands of Europe's smallest cars, rushing everywhere like super-charged garden bugs, and legions of car-splitting motor-scooters.

One Italian firm has already produced half-a-million scooters. Many rivals are close behind.

With its mild winter, hot summer, Rome is a scoundrel's paradise. A scoundrel's paradise reads "well-pedestrianism no longer exists in a few years' time." This pedestrian viewing the daily holocaust of Rome's streets, feels that is most likely!

★ ★ ★

TV is the talk of Rome. TV receivers are hot sellers. A few weeks ago there were only 200 TV sets in the capital, as the TV service was only experimental.

Recently 400 sets were sold in one day, following the news that a regular nightly programme was due to begin.

I was given a demonstration of Roman TV. It is, without any doubt, technically the best picture in the world.

"As we are last in, we have naturally had the advantage of everyone else's experience," a TV official told me. Romanas will enjoy larger screen receivers than the average in Britain, but their sets will cost more.

Italian TV is partly sponsored, under state control. Programmes, for the moment, will be largely films Italian TV has yet no Gilbert Harding. Following in America's footsteps, however, it has an animal star, reminiscent of Mr Fred Mugsy, the Chimp of Coronation Infamy. Meet Joghli, a fat, white bespectacled cat who smokes cigarettes. Joghli (inspired with Lloyds of London for £10,000) really enjoys smoking. His owner found Joghli, when still a kitten, sucking smoke from a cigarette butt smouldering in the gutter.

★ ★ ★

Talking of smoking, the habit, hokey or vice, whichever you call it, is increasing rapidly in Italy. But the Italians do not go for pipes. Pipes are for

COULD THIS HAPPEN?

RUSSIA TO THE RESCUE OF AMERICAN FARMERS

By O.H. Brandon

THE other day I heard an American official say to another that "aid to Pakistan will probably cost us less than a third of our butter."

What the official meant was that the military aid which the U.S. is contemplating offering Pakistan would cost less than a third of the cost of the butter surplus which the U.S. has been accumulating in its refrigerated storehouses.

This sounds like a joke, but it isn't. The U.S. Government today has about \$1½ billion dollars tied up in farm commodities—which is more than it is planning to spend next year in foreign aid. This happens because under a complicated farm support programme the Government must buy up certain quantities of these commodities as soon as their prices fall below a certain minimum.

At present the Government is holding \$180 million worth of butter (which goes rancid after about one year), \$210 million worth of maize, and about \$400 million worth of wheat, to mention only the bigger items.

Some of these surpluses are occasionally sold under market price abroad, some is given away free for school lunches, and some become a total loss.

Farm Glut

President Eisenhower has shown some understanding of this precarious situation. Whether he will be able to cure the worst farm glut in American history remains to be seen. The legislators are not enthusiastic about his proposal because it means that the farm voters won't have it as good and comfortable as before.

But the message for these agricultural reformers had hardly reached Capitol Hill when it became known that Russia, through an American private firm, had offered to buy up two-thirds of America's butter surplus and one third of the soya bean supply.

Such a purchase would solve at least the larger part of the current surplus problem, and it will be interesting to see whether the U.S. Government will accept this deal.

It may, incidentally, contribute toward a less rigid attitude of the U.S. towards East-West trade if the offer is accepted.

In his state of the Union message the President presented to the country a vast programme of which, if he is lucky, about one-third will be enacted this year. But the blame for this will rest on Congress, not on the President. His lieutenants are handling his publicity extremely well.

He has let it be known that those who are up for re-election next Autumn and oppose his programmes will lose his po-

litical support. This is a powerful threat, for like's popularity, as shown in a recent Gallup Poll, is again as high as it was when he entered the White House, while the Republican Party in Congress would lose 40 seats if there were elections today.

Unique Situation

But much will also depend on what support he will get from the Democrats. A situation which is unique exists now in the Senate.

There are 48 Republican and 48 Democratic votes and only Vice-President Nixon, with his vote, can break the deadlock in case of a tie. That is, in fact, a narrow majority as one can have in the Senate. On foreign affairs the President will have Democratic support on many issues, but domestically the Democrats will be able to get their pound of flesh when they want it.

With elections in the offing it will therefore be a highly intricate game which the two parties will play—it will be a fascinating drama in the next six months.



LAMBIE
guess I'll be a film star.



SNOOKIE
takes ballet lessons.

The Princess Wins A Battle In Missouri

by
EVELYN IRONS

SPRINGFIELD, Missouri. I SAW the twins playing with their pedal-cars in the garden of their nice, middle-class Victorian house in this sprawling country town.

Typical American children? They seemed so. Five and a half years old, blond and blue-eyed... answering to the names of Lambie and Snookie.

But these are very special children. They were christened Berengar Orin Bernhard and Marina Adelaide Emily. For although they are the son and daughter of Middle West attorney Kirby William Patterson, Lambie and Snookie are also Hohenzollerns—and great-great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

Lambie and Snookie have courtly manners, and they con-

ducted me "politely upstairs to the big, homely living-room of their second-floor five-room flat. Mr Patterson has converted the house into apartments, and the two lower floors are let. There I met their mother, the former Princess Victoria Marina of Prussia, granddaughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Her father, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, was a younger brother of Crown Prince Wilhelm, whom Britons knew as Little Willie in the 1914-18 war.

She turned out to be a strapping, handsome, Brunhilde, 36 years old and 5ft. tall, wearing a simple navy blue two-piece dress. Dangling from it was a massive bracelet with huge gold 25 piece, dated 1887 and embossed with Queen Victoria's head.

"Come in—it's so good to see someone from home," she said, speaking with a decided American and slight German accent.

Legally she is plain Mrs Patterson, neighbour and tradesman called her that. But she preferred me to call her Princess.

She does not regret the day in 1948 when she became an American citizen and took an oath before a judge renouncing her royal titles. Still, she was delighted when her husband had her monogram with the Imperial crown emblazoned on the doors of their modest car.

The placid Middle Westerners of Springfield, Mo., took little notice of all this until the other day, when the Princess got into the news by watering her garden. "I love my yard," she explained to me. "I planted all the roses myself."

But during the drought which now parches Missouri's farmlands it is illegal to waste company water, and a neighbour who does not care for royalty called the police. Brunhilde won the battle.

The Iron Hand

"It was ridiculous," she said. "My husband and I had filled our rain-barrel with spring water we brought by car from the country in old army canteens. The police were satisfied I didn't use the city supply."

The Princess does not approve of "modern" methods of being happy. "I use the iron hand," she says.

Like most American children, the young Princesses and Prince have rather serious names. Once a week, and Snookie has ballet lessons.

Lambie, the boy, is a bit of a comedian. "I guess I'll be a film-star," he announced, "like Danny Kaye."

He is musical, too, and played us a tune of his own composition on the old-fashioned German harmonium.

Above the harmonium was a fiercely-moustached portrait of his great-grandfather, the Kaiser. Other pictures of German royalties lined the walls.

The children will start going to school in the autumn. Meanwhile they romp with neighbours' children, wearing feathered headdresses and brandishing bows and arrows.

An Anti-Nazi

Over tea brought in by the coloured "daily" on a mighty silver tray engraved with the Prussian crown the Princess spoke of her father, who died soon after the twins were born. He was anti-Nazi, she said. In August 1939 they abandoned their home near Frankfurt-on-Main and went to Switzerland, where her mother still lives, under the name of Countess von Lingen.

"In 1946 I came to America to stay with friends," said the Princess. "I tried to get a job, but it was impossible because I had only a visitor's status. After a year I came to stay with other friends here and met my husband, who was supposed to be a confirmed bachelor. We got married after two and a half weeks' courtship."

The Princess has never been in England, but she says English was her first language. She has a letter written by the Queen (her cousin) thanking her for condolences on the death of King George VI.

I was shown a Christmas card from "Aunt En" (the ex-Queen of Spain) with her photograph on it. "I hardly ever go to New York now," said the Princess, "but I flew there to see my cousin the Queen of Greece when she was there."

Very Quietly

The Pattersons live very quietly in Springfield. "I try to be a good hausfrau," said the Princess. "Sometimes I go to court to hear my husband plead. I read philosophy when I can get time off from the children." She writes verse, too.

Lambie and Snookie are Queen Victoria's only American great-great-grandchildren. The former Princess Cecile of Prussia, daughter of a younger brother of Prince Adalbert, married an American interior decorator and lives in Texas. "But they have no children," the Princess said.

Mr Patterson helped his wife to put the twins to bed—in a "drawer." It's a space-saver gadget which "I designed" and had made the Princess explained. "You see, the drawer pulls out and makes a big double bed."

And very snug the descendant of Queen Victoria looked in the bed.

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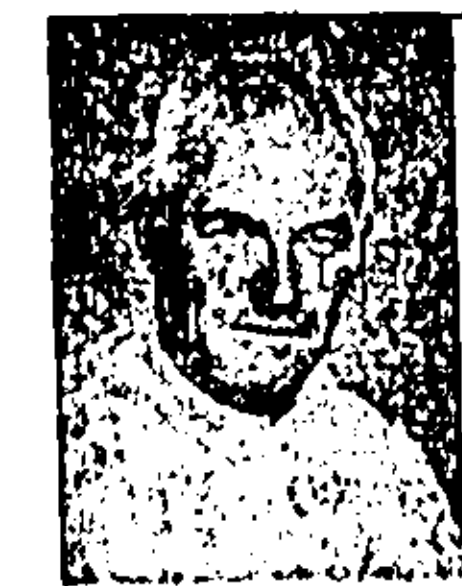
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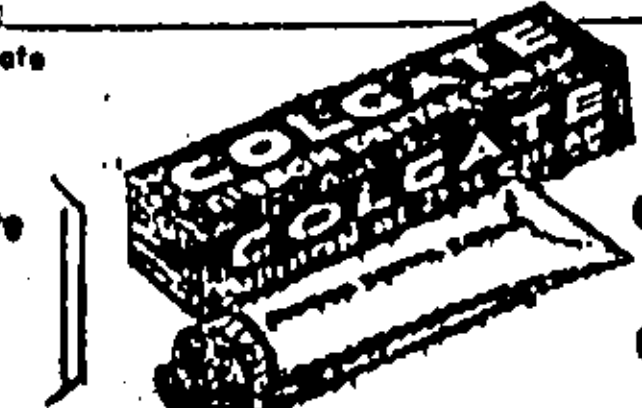
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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

ELSPETH HUXLEY

PIO NONO. By E. E. Y. Hales. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. 352 pages.

POPE PIUS IX is usually regarded as a man who, setting out with the most liberal intentions, was alarmed by the uprising of liberal de-

mocracy and ended his career as a strong conservative influence.

Now E. E. Y. Hales presents the public with a valiant and skilfully composed essay in rehabilitation.

Hales, himself a Roman Catholic, gives a sympathetic explanation of many of the Pope's actions which have been criticised.

Living in an age of revolutions, Pius strengthened the authority of the Papacy and sacrificed some popularity in doing so. When he was made Pope (1846) he was coolly greeted by the Roman crowds; when he died (1878) Tiber mud was thrown on his coffin.

The outstanding achievement of his reign was the acknowledgment by the Church that the Pope was infallible.



This last was the work of the Vatican Council, a gathering in St. Peter's of several hundred Roman Catholic prelates. Many stayed at the Pope's expense. Pius said, "I don't know whether the Pope will emerge infallible or infallible, but it is certain he will be bankrupt."

In prolonged debates the Council covered a great deal of ground. Some of its decisions mark strange reading today.

The Bishop of Savannah (Georgia) urged that clergy should be forbidden to hunt with guns; he thought the Council should condemn the theory that Negroes have no souls.

The Bishop of Paderborn pleaded that the clergy should grow beards.

The Bishop of Dömla caused a scandal by saying, "I believe that a great many Protestants love our Lord Jesus Christ."

Nkrumah's most ambitious scheme is to be master of a pan-African union embracing

THE BISHOP PLEADED FOR BEARDS ALL ROUND

THE NEW BOOKS

by George Malcolm Thomson

Amid shocked cries of "Lucifer! Lucifer! Anathema!" the prelate was howled down.

One American bishop thought it would be hard to persuade his Irish congregations that Pope Adrian IV was infallible when he conceded Ireland to the English king.

The Germans and Belgians complained that they were under-represented as they had large dioceses while the Italians, having tiny ones (250), were present in great force.

The awkward fact that Pope Honorius had been a heretic was contemplated. Finally, the "Infallible" party won by a handsome majority.

In a storm of thunder and lightning the voting was completed. The Pope announced the result with the aid of a light from a huge taper.

Protestants had no difficulty in interpreting these events. They were not surprised when, next day, the Franco-Prussian war broke out.

FOUR GUINEAS. By Elspeth Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 21s. 303 pages.

MISS HUXLEY brings back from a journey through the four British colonies of West Africa a painful cold water for those who take their ideas on colonial topics from left-wing weeklies. Africa, she says in effect, is stronger by far than all those transplanted, shallow-rooted British notions of parliamentary democracy, and all those American-trained African politicians. They will perish; Africa goes on.

Arch-type of the politician is petulant, clever Mr. Nkrumah, bachelor idol of Gold Coast women, popular graduate (Sacred Theology) of Lincoln University (Penn) 1942.

Nkrumah's most ambitious scheme is to be master of a pan-African union embracing

all the territories of the Guinea Coast.

Miss Huxley's conclusion is sombre. "We force an omnipotent bureaucracy without honesty, a democracy without enlightenment, an economy without toll, a nation without unity, a culture without art; in short, a society without a faith to give it purpose or a code of morals to give it strength. Strange blooms may result.

The judgment is important because it comes from a woman who knows Africa and loves its peoples.

JOHN KEATS: THE LIVING YEAR. By Robert Gittings. Heinemann. 16s. 247 pages.

WHO was the mysterious and beautiful Mrs Isabella Jones in the life of the poet Keats? Historians have wondered. Some have even doubted the lady's existence. Robert Gittings has run her to earth.

She was, it seems, a young lady who moved with suspicious rapidity from one set of furnished apartments to another; she kept a statue of Napoleon and a parrot in her drawing-room—the statue is thought to indicate Whig sympathies.

Keats gives only this account of her: "She said I should please her much more if I would only press her hand and go away... I expect to pass some pleasant hours with her now and then. I have no libidinous thought about her."

Not thus are the inspirations of genius recorded!

THE LONG SHIPS. By Frans Bengtsson. Collins, 15s. 511 pages.

THOSE who overcome their antipathy to characters with names like Krok, Orm, the Far-Traveller, and Sigtryg Sk-Bærd, will be rewarded by a lively, entertaining, highly unsentimental record of blood-thirsty doings by Viking warriors, troublesome women; light-

hearted conversions to Islam and/or Christianity; battles and disasters.

By the time the heroes settle down to a peaceful, drunken old age, watching (not without suspicion) their sons grow up and their daughters, "for whom the suitors will soon be hewing hard at one another," the reader has enjoyed a genial tour of a bygone world of savagery.

Library List

Fanfare for a Witch. By Vaughan Williams. Cape. 12s. 6d. 280 pages.

George II and his wife Caroline were filled with a pathological hatred of their eldest son, Frederick.

Putting forward his own explanation (that Frederick was really George II's half-brother), Wilkins makes it the theme of a lumbustious tale which nobody need take too seriously.

The Shame of New York. By Ed Reid. Gollancz. 13s. 6d. 230 pages.

Those curious to know who has been suffering in the American crime syndicate since the reported end of Murder Inc., will find some of the answers in Ed Reid.

When you lift the lid of this sewer, the smell is still the same.

The Wise Bamboo. By J. Malcolm Morris. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. 222 pages.

Lieutenant Morris was detailed to be manager of the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, when the Americans entered the city. He found the job interesting enough to stay on after demobilisation. The Japanese say, "A wise bamboo always in the wind and survives." Morris had to do more than away to survive among the cockroaches, VIPs and other problems of hotel life.

Communism and Christ. By Charles W. Lowry. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 9s. 6d. 192 pages.

Seeing Communism as a "salvation religion," this American scholar explains the world situation as a head-on collision between dialectical materialism and Christianity.

PARADE

HOLE IN THE RACKET

A new twist to the "sell them - back to the owner" racket was given in Cairo last week when a gang was arrested on the charge of stealing manhole covers—and selling them back to the local Municipality at 80s. a time. The gang would then tour the streets, pick up some more manholes and do the same deal all over again.

The gang was caught when one of their members became so confident in its organisation that he collected the "replaced" manhole outside his house every week and took it along to sell it. One morning he came out, automatically bent down to pick it up and fell 40 feet. The manhole hadn't been "replaced."

LOVE IN JAPAN

Here is a "love story" from Tokyo. Two former staff colonels of the old Imperial Army are now earning a living in Tokyo writing love letters in English for Japanese girls to foreign soldier friends in Korea, the United States and military camps outside Tokyo.

Colonels T. Sugaya and R. Kurimyo charge 150 yen for an "ardent" letter and 200 yen for a "passionate" letter.

IN NAME ONLY

Preparing its next promotions list, Egypt's Ministry of Education has discovered that an official due to be promoted to the second highest grade has done no work for seven years. He has not shown up even to draw his salary—it has been paid into his bank account.

He was supposed to head a liaison service which was authorized by special Ministerial order but, in fact, has never existed.

UNDISCOVERED TREASURE GENIUS

Junk shops and second-hand dealers' stalls all over France today—because of a sudden boom in London in the paintings of an unknown French pauper. In London recently 51 paintings by Pierre Dumont, who died in the Paris insane asylum of Sainte-Anne in 1836, were mapped up for a total of £2,000.

Buyers like Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, relative of the Prime Minister, the Director of Toledo Museum in Spain and actress Vivien Leigh have been paying £200 and £800 apiece for the paintings. Vivien Leigh gave £340 for one called "Mimosa and Leaves"—a vase with

dowering mimosa on a small table.

All this—and during his lifetime, Pierre Dumont sold hardly a single painting for more than 100 francs or two shillings. For years he lived almost like a tramp on the few coppers his family could spare him. In 1928, he began to have some success after an exhibition of his pictures in Paris—but was stricken with madness and sent to the dreaded St. Anne Asylum.

Now experts are saying that the work of this undiscovered genius is among the finest of the last half century.

MAKING IT EASIER

Divorce is the talk of the day in Italy. Public opinion is moving in favour of more liberal divorce laws—modelled after those of Britain.

Divorce in Italy is at present impossible for the ordinary marriage couple. Only the very rich can afford a divorce abroad—or in the pocket state of San Marino. Many of Italy's front-page names—society, political and screen personalities—have obtained such divorces, including (to the disgust of many Reds) Italy's leading Communist, Luigi Longo.

Latest figures show, however, that one million ordinary Italian couples are living together out of wedlock—because for one or both divorce is impossible.

In a recent poll 53 percent of persons questioned were against the liberalisation of divorce laws. Modern Italians thus made it clear that fair divorce laws, such as Britain's, would be welcome. A fear exists, however, that lax laws might produce Italian Renos which would threaten the security of the average happy family.

EXUL FOR ULCERS

An easy and safe cure for stomach ulcers is soon within sight. After many years of experimenting the Danish scientist and Nobel Prize winner Professor Henrik Dam (the discoverer of vitamin K) has created an anti-ulcer preparation which he calls Exul.

Exul is not a medicine but a foodstuff. It contains all the nutrients the patient needs, as well as the essential vitamins. In addition it contains a special factor which has proved to prevent new wounds from forming. Quite why it is as yet uncertain—all that is known is that tests carried out in hospitals in the United States and Denmark have been successful. Professor Dam's experiments were conducted upon chickens. They are vulnerable to stomach ulcers.

NO MORE ISLAND

There will soon be no less island in the world. Romantic Sicily—land of sunshine, orange groves and blood-thirsty bandits—is to be connected to the mainland of Italy by a road-rail bridge across the two-mile wide Straits of Sicily.

Hot-blooded Sicilians, famed for their bitter, years-long vendettas, who still talk of making Sicily a separate state from Italy, have threatened to slash the throat of the first bridge-builders to set foot on Sicilian soil. But the Sicilian Regional Assembly has approved a one hundred million lire allocation for immediate preliminary studies before construction begins.

DESERT PROJECT

Egypt's rolling, dun-coloured Western Desert—only 11 years ago the charmarous stage for the British 8th Army's World War Two victory—is now to become a vast laboratory for American and Egyptian scientists bent on transforming its parched immensity into fertile cattle-raising country.

Under the Desert Range Development Project, as the experiment is known, the scientists intend first to irrigate and then to re-seed 25,000 acres of desert in a "first phase" drive backed by £100,000 of "Point Four" money. The Egyptians are putting up a similar sum.

But the ultimate target, say the scientists, is the "rehabilitation" of over 1,000,000 acres of desert. Then the roaming Bedouin and their flocks of goats and herds of camels would become self-sufficient and Egyptian meat production would meet all domestic demands.

SECRET FILING

an extra, con-tank called petrol tank to his car recently, a Danish confidence trickster spent a profitable six months touring garage and asking his request for petrol tank to be filled with WATER.

He would then drop a "petrol pill" into the tank and the con-artist would then ask the garage man to fill the tank (not yet patented) and fill and drive off with his "petrol tank."

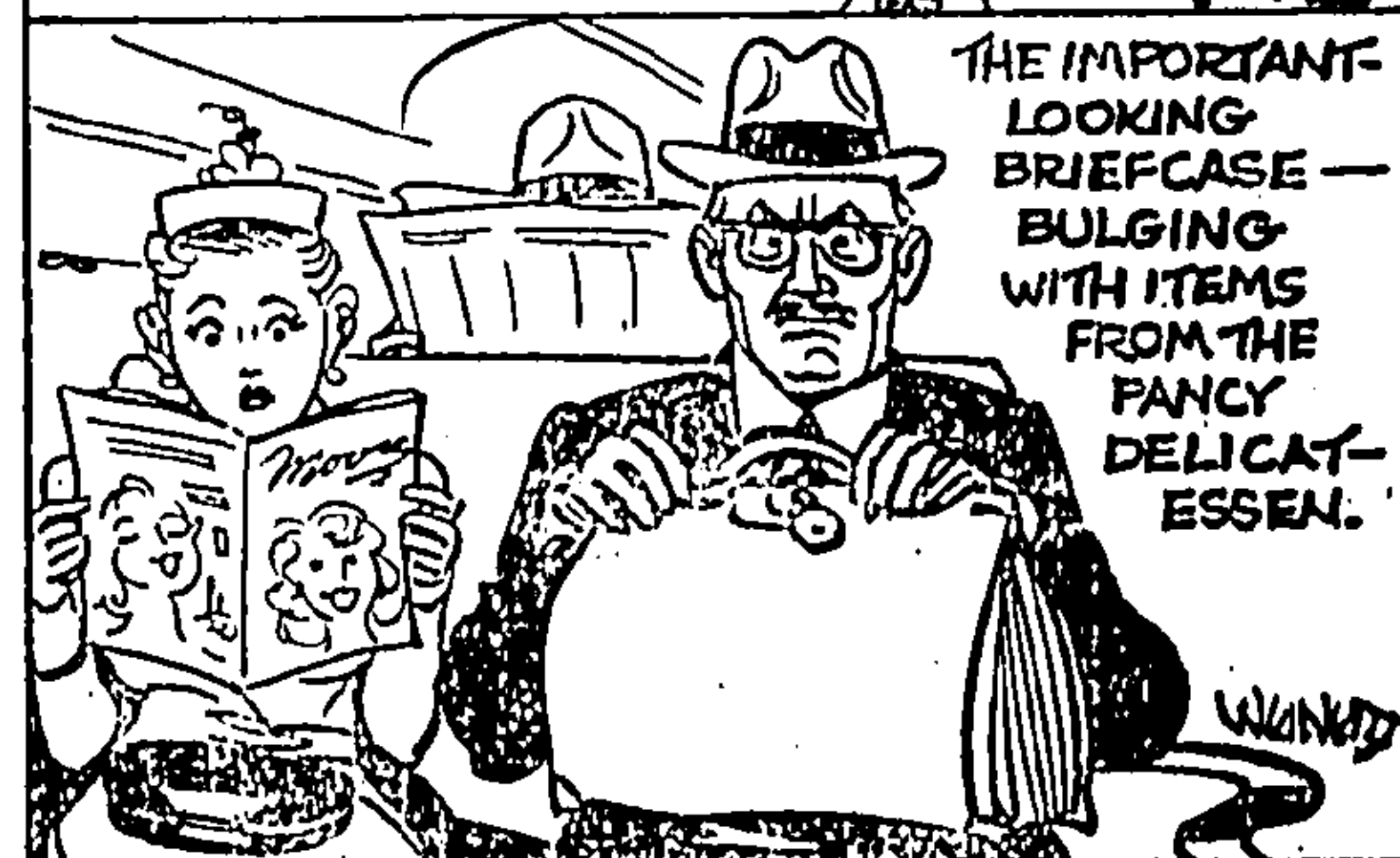
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Calling All Commuters

BY HARRY WEINERT



WHEN SPRING APPROACHES THE OLD FIVE-FIFTEEN TAKES ON THE ASPECT OF THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.



THE IMPORTANT-LOOKING BRIEFCASE—BULGING WITH ITEMS FROM THE FANCY DELICATESSEN.



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ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Tests After All Are Not Miniature Warfare

Now is the time to talk of sobering down so far as international cricket is concerned.

Sir Errol dos Santos, president of the West Indies Cricket Board of Control recently referred to the battlefield arena of Test matches. Perhaps this was an allusion to the safety of bumpers which, from all reports, were bowled during the fourth Test match between England and the West Indies. The series as a whole was fought in tension, and unhappily, sometimes in a contentious spirit.

I think it is time we all sobered down and remembered that Tests, after all, are cricket matches and not miniature warfare. An ex-Test player friend of mine said to me the other day: "I reckon a two-year truce without an international game of any sort would calm us all down."

Often the players are the last to be engaged in the "war". One of my best pals is Arthur Morris, Australia's opening batsman. And after the fifth and last Test at the Oval last year when England recovered the Ashes we went back to his hotel and over a glass of ale we discussed the series in the most amiable fashion possible.

Arthur Morris knows I try and bowl him out with every ball and I know he tries to clout me to the boundary. But the issue is a test only of our respective skills. It is not a bitter feud.

Sometimes I get his wicket. Sometimes he hits me all over the ground. That's cricket. And if the players can remain friendly surely certain other elements can have no excuse for bitterness.

It doesn't remember these things the whole business will get out of hand.

Len Hutton who has had his share of bumpers in his time, decried to the "Too many bumpers" allegations by referring to the Trinidad matter. In effect he said: "If you allow too perfect pitches you must expect the

bowlers to retaliate with bouncers."

That is perfectly true and I have felt for a long time that the whole key to good interesting and exciting cricket lies in the preparation of the pitch. Trials are again experimenting with turf and I wish them luck for nobody can want many more Tests where it takes almost five full days to settle the first innings issue. What sort of cricket is that?

FAIR PITCH

The game is pointless. I believe if fast bowlers have a fair pitch to use they will not resort to bumpers for they have a better chance of getting wickets with other types of deliveries.

I doubt whether the bumper will ever be a lawed. I saw one suggestion for a line to be drawn across the pitch. Any ball dropping behind the line would be declared unfair and the bowler penalised. How such an idea could be worked in practice I do not know. And I would not fancy the umpire's job if the ball pitched anywhere

NEAR the line. Immediately there would be a wrangle as to whether it was a fair or an unfair ball.

No, we do not want lines or more legislation. What we want is a sensible understanding among cricketers to keep the best traditions of the game unpermeated all the time.

The bumper used sparingly and fairly is a weapon of surprise and a good one. It rocks a well-set batsman out of his confidence and while he is unsettled and looking for another bumper the bowler has a fair chance of getting past his defence.

But if the bumper is done away with altogether we might as well have one stump at half the present height and do away with all leg before decisions as well!

Kicking Up The Dust



French motorcyclist, Henri Frantz, flies through the air as he takes a difficult spot of the hilly section at Montreuil, during the contest between French and Belgian motos and sidecars.

SPORTS ROUND-UP

Now Comes One Who Is Giving Up His Career To Concentrate On Pleasure

History is littered with men who've given up all pleasure to concentrate on their career. Now comes one who has given up his career to concentrate on pleasure. He is Tony Trabert.

This 23-year-old six-footer of the freckled face and infectious smile, is America's chief hope to end the Australian lawn tennis monopoly. To realise that hope he is sacrificing a chance of a political science degree.

On May 1, the eve of his final examinations, he leaves Cincinnati University to start the European Championship rounds. He will compete in the Italian, French and Danish tournaments before going on to Wimbledon. The trip may not turn out to be a sacrifice, however. Victory at Wimbledon would probably see Trabert launched out on another career—a professional tennis player.

THE ONLY TANNING

Sea breezes and sunshine are giving Italy's Tiberto Marzi a healthy tan for his European Middleweight Championship date with Randolph Turpin in Rome on May 2.

"That is about the only tanning I will get," says Marzi who sings as he sweats himself to peak fitness at Santa Marinella, near Rome.

Marzi puts in five miles of roadwork each day before breakfast. Then a shower and exercises on his hotel terrace overlooking the blue Mediterranean followed by some rip-roaring workouts.

Marzi is fast and clever. He's aggressive and he is as tough as steel. "I know Turpin's record," said Marzi, blond-haired and 27, "but I am going to put on the pace, not just box him. I intend to attack, and I shall be there at the finish."

Marzi has been beaten only three times in over 70 contests, once on points by Jake La Motta in a World Championship fight in New York in 1950. He drew with Randolph's brother, Dick, over 12 rounds at the Albert Hall, London, in 1948 and outpointed him over 12 rounds in Trieste in 1949.

Johnny Longden, America's Champion Jockey, may ride Blue Seal in the Derby, at Epsom on June 2. Longden is applying to the Jockey Club for a licence to ride at Epsom. The joint Canadian owners of Blue Seal, Mr Max Bell and Mr Frank McMahon, retain Longden to ride for them in America and

want him to be on Blue Seal in the Derby.

SPECIAL STAND

Doris Hart, former Wimbledon Singles Champion and finalist last year, will open her British season on May 3 in the Shirley Park tournament. Good news for spectators. But a headache for officials. Doris's appearance will bring in the crowds. Question is how to accommodate them. Answer: Build a special stand. This has been done.

Mervyn Wood, Australian Olympic sculler, recently lost the State Sculling Championship of New South Wales to Peter Ewart.

This defeat costs him the honour of representing Australia in the single sculls at the Vancouver Empire Games. He will now be seen in the double sculler event. Mervyn has since beaten Ewart over 2,000 metres, but the team had already been chosen.

(London Express Service)

Table Tennis Cups Need Zoning

Players from 33 countries who competed in the world table tennis championships, which ended at Wembley recently, have unanimously voted them the "best ever."

From the players' point of view everything moved slickly. But what of the spectators?

Main moan was that the best matches in the Corbillion and Swaythling Cups were too late. Several finished in the early hours of the morning. For the average watcher 9 o'clock in the evening is too late to start finals.

This was the biggest entry for the world championships. Matches obviously have to be played late to complete a big programme, but I think the days of championships of this size are limited.

The World Federation should copy lawn tennis and have zone finals for the Swaythling and Corbillion Cups. Look at the Swaythling Cup results and you realise how futile some of the matches were.

In Group A England were the winners with eight wins out of a possible eight. Brazil and France had six, U.S.A. five, Australia four, Wales three, Israel two, Pakistan one and Italy none.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

SUBSTITUTION OF PLAYERS WAS CARRIED TOO FAR IN HONGKONG-INDIA SERIES

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Have you ever heard of football being played in accordance with 'Far East Rules'? Since last week-end I have been told three times that the series of games between Hongkong and All-India was played under these rules and that that was why both teams were allowed to change players at the interval.

Now I want to make it clear that my informants were not local legislators but all of them have taken an active interest in football in the Colony and they seemed quite convinced that such a set of convenient rules exists.

It is my opinion, and I know that it is also shared by a wide cross-section of the football following, that the importance of the Indian series was greatly reduced by reason of the irregular introduction of second-half substitutes. In fact if one analyses the result of the unpleasant innovation it is quickly seen how much it influenced the outcome of the games.

In the first game the Hongkong forwards line was a very ordinary affair. It never looked like scoring goals but after the interval when Lee Tai-fai was substituted for half-fit Yiu Cheuk-yin the line took on a new crispness and Lee himself scored the two goals that enabled us to get a draw.

It might be argued that the swap was necessary because Yiu Cheuk-yin had received a minor injury. The reply to that is quite definite... Yiu's injury took place around the 25th minute of the game and if he was considered unfit to continue he should have been replaced before the interval in accordance with F.I.F.A. rules.

The situation in the second game was, however, a very different kettle of fish, for there is surely little doubts in the minds of the spectators that Leader was taken out at the interval and replaced by Tang Yee-kit because he was having a bad game.

I realise that there are those who will try and justify this change by saying that the airman received a first-half injury, but it is surely foreign to the true spirit of the game to replace a man who had carried on after his injury and who had shown little evidence of discomfort. Once again it would have been much fairer to the player to have substituted a newcomer when the injury occurred for in the second half a fresh Tang Yee-kit put new life into the Hongkong Selection's front rank and again we had the doubtful pleasure of seeing the substitute scoring a vital goal.

THE CLIMAX

However it was in the final game of the series that the matter reached its climax because here we had the all too obvious and deliberate withdrawal of a fit man and his replacement with another player in the equally obvious hope that better results would be obtained.

Lo Keng-cheun was not injured but he was playing badly, while Tang Yee-kit who joined him on the side line in the second half, was out of touch after an early knock. These players were replaced by Ho Cheung-yau and Chu Wing-keung during the interval and to complete the soccer comedy Chu Wing-keung got a couple of goals and Ho Cheung-yau got one... in other words the substitutes scored all the goals!

A spot of quick arithmetic shows that in this series our teams scored a total of eight goals... and six of these go down to the credit of substitutes!!!

It cuts no ice to say that the Indians also made substitutions; visitors come here to play under our accepted rules... and if ever there was a good case for the denial of substitutes then it has been provided here in Hongkong.

Such moves as we saw in this series reduce the game to farcical depths; the deliberate abuse of the substitution rule can only bring the game into disrepute; the fact that the local association allowed itself to be a party to the cheap tactics we saw in these games is to be deprecated.

That is the 'legal' side of the affair but there is another and in the long run, more important aspect of it... that is, what did the spectator think about all the substitutions? Well I think I can answer that. In spite of the sporadic partisan cheers that greeted the swaps the ordinary spectator disapproved of the idea on principle.

I sat with some Chinese friends in the stands and the general opinion around us was that if the Hongkong F.A. wants to stage practice matches then they should charge practice match prices... and with all the circumstances in mind one must admit that that is just about the status to which the games were reduced... practice matches.

TO SAVE FACE?

Another suggestion was that the whole thing was done to save the face of the Selection Committee who had picked in different teams. This I discount immediately for I am certain in my own mind that when the teams were selected there was never the slightest intention in the minds of the selectors that players who did not immediately

profitable game should be replaced by one of the reserves. Legitimate substitution in accordance with F.I.F.A. rules has carried this business to its reasonable limits, any substitution, in addition to that, is an unwarranted breach of the prosaic ethics of the game.

I believe the term 'mutual consent' has been used in trying to explain away the whole affair. Such an explanation is

as hollow as it is unjustified and is unworthy of the great game of football... and of the members of our local association.

WEEK-END GAMES

With so many players away in Manila there is a very restricted programme of games this week and there is no First Division match on the schedule. The outstanding game will be played at Caroline Hill this afternoon when South China meet Taihook in the play-off for the runners-up position in the Second Division.

The Championship has already been won by K.M.B. and on today's result will depend the destination of the main consolation prize.

South China, on their own ground, will certainly start favourites but they would be well advised to take nothing for granted against the Taihook boys who have done very well to get so far in the competition. The game is due to start at 5.30 p.m.

This week's TALKING POINT... What did you think about the astonishing numbers sported by the Hongkong players during the series of games against All-India?

On Saturday the numbering started at 12 on goalkeeper Taylor's back and went up to 22 on Hau Ching-to.

On Sunday... apparently... started at 15 and went up to 23... It was pleasant to return to some semblance of sanity in the Combined Chinese side... but here again we had two numbers 10 men during the second-half.

Numbers were introduced to facilitate identification... on these occasions they produced nothing but considerable confusion.

Boom Year For Motor Sport

With the past year's production of British cars having topped the new record level of over 600,000 cars and the promise, after meeting the demands of the export market, of some 300,000 or more new vehicles coming on the British market during the next 12 months, 1954 augurs well for a fine year for British motoring, the like of which has not been seen since the war.

What is more, on the sporting side of the motoring calendar of British events for this year, a new record level of 857 has been reached. This has meant a clash of many engagements, but the motoring sport prospects are so promising that promoters have no financial fears and are working on the principle that there is room for everybody. The continuing popularity of the motor sport will, for one thing, enable more club motorists to take part in rallies and trials with greater hope of success.

One piece from the provisional list that the Aintree track is the circuit which will be used by the British Automobile Racing Club on May 29, and that the Oulton Park circuit will stage an international race on August 7. Then the RAC Grand Prix is to be run at Silverstone on July 17, and the BRDC at Silverstone on May 15.

Enthusiasts, of course, are hoping for British success on the Continent, as well as at home. At the moment British hopes rest on three cars which are under development but as yet untried—the new Cooper, the new Kieft, and the new Formula 1 car being developed by the AGS Owen Stable.

It is hardly necessary to say that the last motor race will be run under the flag of the British Empire. The race will be held at Silverstone on May 15, and will be a 100-mile race.

MY BEST GOLF SHOT

He Borrowed Club—Got Hole In One

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

Who can claim the most unique hole-in-one performance in golf? Ryder Cup player Eric Brown has to his credit one of the most dramatic—the hole-in-one at Belvoir Park, Belfast, which helped him to win the Irish championship he now holds.

The Royal Clonque Ports Club, Deal, have a photographic record of another remarkable incident. I saw it again at the Public Schools tournament.

The caption under a photograph showing Lionel Mann hitting a ball explains itself:

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A UNIQUE HOLE IN ONE

We persuaded Lionel Mann, several times Irish champion, to give us an impact picture on the 14th tee at Deal. Since he was not himself playing, he borrowed a club from I. V. H. Campbell and a ball from R. H. de Montmorency and proceeded to hole the shot.

The hole measures 138 yards. Another commentator later was the presence of a scuffle on the green who saw the ball coming toward the hole and lifted out the pin.

LAST SHOT
Mann, reckoned to be unbeatable at Deal, won the

scratch cup there five years in succession. Secretary T. G. D. Noble tells me that Mann is now living in Kerry with a brother and no longer plays golf.

Norman Gidley, professional at Prince's, Sandwich, would like to add his contribution to the "my best golf shot" series.

When one up with his hole to go against Sam Shead in the Match Play championship at Walton Heath in 1949, he holed out from a bunker to the left of the 18th green for a 3.

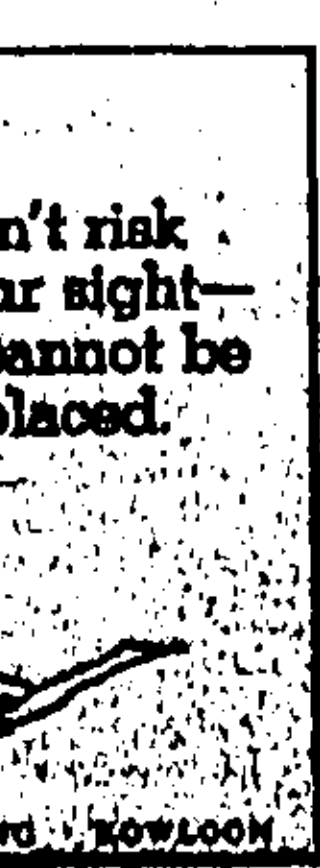
(London Express Service)

PRESENTATION AT HKFC TOMORROW

A small presentation will be made tomorrow at 12.45 p.m. to two well known sporting figures, firstly to a retiring member Jack Watson, who was a very active soccer member and captain of the Club and now a very enthusiastic bowls member, and also to Chief Inspector Harris for his guidance and help to the Club during the very hectic years since the war.

Club members and friends are welcomed to this little ceremony which will be performed by the senior vice-president Col. H.B.L. Dowbiggin O.B.E.

POP



Shopped

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

30 Years Of Golf Teaching

—Principles My Father Taught Me

By BERNARD HUNT

As I am only 24 it may seem strange that I should claim to be able to offer 25 years of golf teaching experience in this series of articles. But that is precisely my position; for whatever I write will really be the worldly wise experience of my father who has been steering people through their golfing problems for nearly 30 years and who has taught me nearly everything I know.

I say "nearly" with a special point. For it has been one of my father's greatest principles that every golfer has to build his own game. The start must be a swing that is basically sound—it is vital to be able to bring the clubhead on to the ball with straight-hitting consistency—but after that every man has to work at the game himself.

My father religiously kept to that idea with my brother Geoff and myself. As kids he helped us to develop a reasonable swing but as we have grown up mainly he has just kept a fatherly eye on the way we have worked out our own styles and problems.

In effect, therefore, in this series we shall be hearing of his first principles and of the practical way I have worked them out to get into the top flight of British golf. Somewhere on the way I am hoping the

average golfer—and he is the person I am to talk to—will find something of help and interest to apply to his own game.

DIFFERENT SWING

The first thing is to realise that no two people swing alike. For instance my swing is much flatter than my brother Geoff's. I reach more for the ball; Geoff keeps his hands and arms well tucked in and is much more compact.

Who is YOUR H.K. FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR?

NEVER before has there been so much public interest in Hongkong soccer than during the season now ending. And never before has the Colony boasted so many talented players—players who have given tens of thousands of soccer "fans" clever and thrilling exhibitions of their prowess in this greatest of all local field sports.

The China Mail has, therefore, decided to organise among the followers and supporters of local soccer a Gallup Poll to determine, by popular vote,

Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

China Mail readers are cordially invited to fill in the form below, nominating whom they regard as the Colony's outstanding footballer of the current season.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong. Entries will close on MONDAY, MAY 10.

The result will be announced on Saturday, May 15.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

Signed



The Golfing Hunts — Geoff, Dad and Bernard.

turb him too much he will be a far better player than I am when he is 24.

are merely the personal mechanics to bring the club to that crucial striking position where the hands take over and deliver the goods.

things I promise that next week we will take that slice out of your game.



Bernard Hunt playing that vital run-up shot to the pin. He is using a No. 4 iron.

There is an interesting story to account for that too. About two or three years ago Ben Hogan's film "Follow the Sun" came round our way. It fascinated Geoff. He went to see it four or five times. And when he came out he was convinced there was no other way to hit the ball than the way Hogan hit it.

My father and I agree that Hogan was a pretty good model for anybody and Geoff set to work to copy the great American master. He worked hard at it. Day after day he was out on the course swinging, practising, swinging, correcting. Now he has got it.

When he builds more power on to his lean frame this keen young brother of mine could be an English Hogan. Right now he is only 18—he can beat me four times out of every ten on any course we play.

I probably have five yards advantage in length from the tee but he hits a four iron to the pin as accurately as I can pitch a number seven.

It is only my greater experience that gives me the edge on him. If the break for Service training does not dis-

But the point I want to make is that my father did not attempt to impose any special style on either of us. He believes—as I do—that every man and every woman must find his or her own style and whatever instruction or teaching they have should merely be applied to get the best out of whatever basic method is adopted.

HAND CONTROL VITAL

According to build and natural aptitude some of our greatest players swing flat or reach high, swing slowly or sweep through like an express train. But there is one point at which they all get together. And that point is where their hands assert full control of the club—when the clubhead is about two feet from the ball and carry it through the actual strike of the ball.

In short all good players have good, strong, complete hand control. All the other factors—the high back swing, the long or short sweep, the pivot, the body and hip action—all these

My father has always maintained that any man who can walk on a pivot. So practise it. Quite apart from your golf, it will do you good.

I do all these things in the ordinary way of keeping fit. Players like Dai Rees do even more. Dai gets ready for his season with a spell of full training with the Arsenal footballers. The theory is that the fitter you are the better you play.

Even so I believe that the best exercise of all for golf is the swinging of a club. I often limber up for a quarter of an hour by swinging three clubs together. It's surprising how easy it is to control one afterwards.

I know several good amateurs who have made a short-weighted club—only about two feet long—so that they can have regular swinging practice at home without busting too many of the lights. This—indeed any idea which builds up your hands, tones your body and stimulates your mind to sensible thought—is good for your game.

Having said that in the hope that you will try some of these

WEEK-END SPORTS

Races

11th Race Meeting, First Day, at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

Soccer

Division 2—Runners-up Play-off: Taikoo v SCAA at C.H. 5.30 p.m.

Div. 2 "A"—Kitchee v RAF (C.H.) 4 p.m.

Div. 2 "B"—C & W v Tramways (H.V.) 5.30 p.m.

Div. 3—Hollandia v Jardines (H.V.) 4 p.m.

Darts

San Miguel Darts League final—REME Com. Works v 1 Norfolk at Nine Dragons.

TOMORROW

Soccer

Div. 2—C.A.T. v Star Ferry; Rediffusion v Tamar; 4 p.m. Dairy Farm v Telephones; Go-down v Lane Crawford; 5.30 p.m. All at Happy Valley.

Lawn Bowls

Lusitania Cup—K.B.G.C. v Recreio, 3.30 p.m. at K.B.G.C.

Athletics

Annual Quadrangular Meet—Combined Clubs, S.C.A.A., Land Forces, R.A.F.; 2 p.m. at Boundary Street.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby Saturday, 8th May, 1954.

Over 600,000 tickets sold to date.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on Friday, 7th May, as follows:—

382 Nathan Road, Kowloon, at 4.00 p.m.

5 D'Agular Street, at 5.00 p.m.

Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, at 6.00 p.m.

The Draw will be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at NOON, on Saturday, 8th May, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards, PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO. Treasurers.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

CASH SWEEPS

11th Race Meeting 1st & 8th May, 1954.

Through Tickets for the above Race Meeting may be purchased per day or for both days. If purchased per day the cost is \$20, or \$40 for both days.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

FREE as a BIRD

There's more than meets the eye in Aertex, for this unusual fabric has copied one of nature's invisible secrets. How do the birds of the air keep cool in the heat, and warm in the cold? Nature clothed them with layers of feathers, thus providing (just like Aertex) millions of little air pockets to hold the air and insulate against both cold and heat. That is why you're always comfortable in Aertex cellular garments. Get into Aertex shirts and underwear right away and feel "free as a bird" in Aertex.

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Dance to the Music of Tony Tubino Quintet

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The Gold Room

Enjoy the most delicious European Cuisine & Chinese Food

Hotel Miramar Restaurant 184 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

ELEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 1st May & Saturday 8th May, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Tickets may be purchased per day or for both days of the Meeting. If purchased per day the cost is \$20, or \$40 for both days.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Through Cash Sweep Tickets may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Agular Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on 1st May.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, at \$20.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

The sale of these tickets will close on Friday 7th May at:—

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.

5, D'Agular Street at 5.00 p.m.

Queen's Building, (Chater Road) at 6.00 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

GEORGE, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT DAY IT IS?

I KNOW IT ISN'T YOUR BIRTHDAY. WE WEREN'T MARRIED IN THE WINTER. ... ER ... ER ...

IT'S ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND YOU DIDN'T BUY ME A CARD OR A PRESENT OR ANYTHING

OH, DARLING! I AM SORRY!

WELL, NEVER MIND DEAR. I THOUGHT THAT YOU MIGHT FORGET AGAIN SO I BOUGHT MYSELF A PRESENT FOR YOU TO GIVE ME

OH! GOOD

IT'S LOVELY, YOU ARE A SWEET GENEROUS DARLING, GEORGE

AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOUR SWEETHEART A PRESENT ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY ... AH WELL



What is Cadyl?

Cadyl is a proprietary brand for a scientifically tested compound of cleansing emollient and tonic skin oils. The application of Cadyl to the skin by the regular use of Rexona soap helps to give a healthier, cleaner and smoother skin.

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